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# FOUL-WEATHER JACK;

OR,

## THE DOUBLE WRECK,

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BY ROGER STARBUCK.

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# FOUL-WEATHER JACK.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE REEF.

ONE afternoon in June, 1819, the crew and officers of the whaling-ship *Japan*, Captain Wandel, becalmed within a league of the Chilian coast, were gazing earnestly toward the west. Torn, ragged-looking masses of yellowish clouds were there seen flying about, disturbed by a terrific whirlwind; while the water beneath, in some places beaten down flat, in others, rising into great sheets of snow-white spray, was partially veiled by long, black columns of driving rain.

The ship's situation, between a rugged coast to leeward, and a tempest to windward, seemed perilous in the extreme. Still the captain saw what awakened hope. The black rack of the storm, while its length could not be determined, did not, in width, cover a space greater than five miles. Winding along like a huge, black-winged serpent, its course seemed to vary, being at one moment directly east, and at another inclined toward the south, showing that the wind was at present quite unsteady in that quarter. From this, the captain inferred that there was a possibility of its changing, so that the tempest would pass to the south and east of the ship, and thus leave her unmolested. That its tendency already was more toward the south than the east, was evinced by a vessel lying under *full sail* far away off the weather-bow. This craft, at first rendered almost invisible by the dark background of the storm-mist, now was made plain by the clearing of the atmosphere astern of her. The *mates* did not think that the storm would pass to the south, until after the ship had caught its full force and been driven ashore. Nevertheless, they endeavored to hide their anxiety under a calm exterior, so as not to add to the fears of the captain's daughter, Ruth—a beautiful young girl of eighteen—who stood near the weather rail.

She had accompanied her father on his present voyage, for the purpose of visiting an invalid cousin, who resided at Honolulu with a missionary uncle, and who had earnestly written to Ruth to come and see her before she died. The large, blue eyes of the captain's daughter were expressive of that devoted, affectionate spirit, which had prompted her to dare the hardships and dangers of a sea voyage for the purpose mentioned ; her form was well rounded and graceful ; her hair of a chestnut brown ; her skin of transparent purity.

Captain Wandel was a vigorous-looking man, past the middle age.

What in him were most calculated to impress the observer, were his gigantic stature and peculiar *whiteness*. Although bred to the sea from childhood, his face was of a ghastly, unvariable pallor. Neither sun nor wind seemed capable of producing any impression upon his skin. When he bared his arms and breast, these also were discovered to be of the same hue. His hair, thick and coarse as the mane of a horse, was also white, and being worn long and straight, gave a singular expression to a face in which the eyes, from their light color, could scarcely have been distinguished, but for their penetrating gleam.

Among sailors, this person's reputation as a skillful whaleman, and an *unlucky* navigator, was very extensive. During a sea-life of thirty years, he had been wrecked six times, and had experienced more gales, typhoons, squalls and hurricanes than any other skipper in the Nantucket whaling fleet. Therefore, the old ship-owners, declaring that the clerk of the weather must have some particular grudge against John Wandel jocosely bestowed upon the captain the appellation, given to Commodore Byron in the eighteenth century, of "FOUL-WEATHER JACK."

"Better let go anchor, Mr. Blake," he said, addressing his mate, in a voice that rolled like rumbling thunder. "I don't think the storm will hit us ; but we better make sure."

The mate gave the required order. "Stand clear the cable?" was the cry ; and the ponderous mass of iron crashed downward into the sea.

The captain now ordered every stitch of canvas furled, and the nimble crew darted up the shrouds to obey. The sails

were briskly hauled upon the yards, and the men, having passed the gaskets, were about returning to the deck, when one and all paused—each head inclined in a listening attitude—startled by a strange, unearthly noise, which, for several minutes, seemed to fill the air all around them. The sound resembled that which the wind makes when blowing through the neck of an empty bottle, and seemed to proceed from the direction of the shore. Some of the men said that the cry was a jaguar's; others that it came from a *dugong*, or sea-cow; while several old superstitious Portuguese, shaking their heads solemnly, seemed to think that it was made by the fabled *water-wraith*, or some other spirit, to warn them of the loss of their craft. Nothing at present was visible ashore except the jagged wall of rock forming the coast, with a fog-bank crowning its summit, and, like a curtain, veiling the country beyond. Soon, however, and just as the mysterious noise stopped, a number of dim forms, apparently of gigantic size, and seeming to glide through the air, were distinguished, looming up through the fog. These forms, the shape of which, in the mist, seemed scarcely human, moving along the rocky wall with phantom-like swiftness, suddenly disappeared. Wandel, who had surveyed the shadowy figures through his glass, partly quieted the fears of the superstitious by stating that he believed the apparitions were real human beings—men like themselves—although some of them *looked* to be as tall as a ship's mainmast. Whence they came, what they were doing, or intended to do, on that rocky coast, or if it was they who made the strange noise just heard, he was unable to tell.

The course of the storm now seemed decided. The sand and rack and the line of white water were moving in a south-east direction, and would, it was thought, pass far astern of the ship, leaving her untouched. This circumstance, while it inspired the mates with increased respect for the judgment of Wandel, also restored their good-humor. The third officer, Grill—a short, fat man, with little, twinkling eyes, who was noted for being singularly unfortunate whenever he attempted a joke—turned to the captain, and, with smiling visage, pointing toward the coast, remarked that he hoped the ghosts just seen in the mist were as white as the skipper.

This pointless speech met with the fate which such speeches

leserve. The speaker, who was vain enough to believe that it would be greeted with a roar of laughter by his brother mates, read only an expression of the most discouraging solemnity on each face, and on the captain's, a look that appalled him.

Drawn up to his full height, one foot advanced, both his fists tightly clinched, his round, light-blue eyes glaring like those of a walrus, his great white face whiter even than usual, Wandel seemed the very spirit of wrath!

The mate felt as if he had received an electric shock ; he quivered like a balloon, but, unlike a balloon, was unable to soar out of reach of the captain, who, pouncing upon him swift as a thunder-bolt, seized him by the collar with one hand, with the other grasped him by the waistband, and, lifting him on high, dashed him to the deck, as if he were an India rubber foot-ball.

"Rascal—dog ! never, so long as you live, joke with me upon that point again !" roared the giant, his whole frame quivering with passion.

He squeezed the other's throat so hard that the poor fellow could not answer ; and he would have inflicted further violence upon him but for Ruth, who, trembling with singular agitation, caught both his arms and begged him to desist.

The girl's influence over her father was great. He released Mr. Grill, who ran into the cabin, declaring that he would leave the ship on the first favorable opportunity. The violent behavior of the captain was so unexpected, so different from his usual manner, as to excite the astonishment of all the seamen who had witnessed it. Wandel, they had reason to know, was a strict disciplinarian ; at the same time, he had always seemed careful to do his duty by *them*.

He never over-worked them ; and often, in the very heat of the whale-chase, had been known to surrender his steering-oar to some poor fellow gasping for breath, and take his place on the thwart, that the man might rest. Such conduct, together with an indomitable will and great courage, had endeared him to all hands, who would willingly have risked life and limb in any cause, with him to lead them.

That one of his stamp should take offense at, and offer violence to, such a weak man as Grill, seemed, therefore, very

strange to the crew, who, clustering in the waist, directed many curious glances toward the quarter-deck. The captain's eye, now fixed upon his daughter's pleading face, had softened ; and he seemed on the point of speaking, when a prolonged shriek, wasted down from a swarthy Manilla man, swinging aloft on the foretop-gallant cross-trees, was heard ringing through the ship.

The cry was the common one, "There blows!" but its effect upon all was electric.

The captain's light eyes flashed like polished steel ; he snatched a spy-glass from the fife-rail, shouted the usual question, "Whereaway?" and sprung into the main rigging.

"Two points abaft the weather-beam—three miles off!" shrieked the Manilla man, whose long neck and glittering eyes gave him the appearance of a snake.

"Clear away the boats!" thundered Wandel ; and, a moment after, something resembling a broad, white streak was seen darting downward from aloft.

It was the face of Wandel, indistinctly seen, as he descended, with lightning rapidity, by means of a back-stay.

The boats were soon ready and in the sea. Their crews tumbled into them. "Give way!" was the order, and the light vessels buzzed as their rushing keels felt the resistance of the water.

Far ahead, on a course at right angles with that of the storm, the mist-like spout of the whale was seen at intervals. Wandel watched it keenly, and the crews of the other boats soon observed that he was gradually edging off toward the west.

"He's mistaken for once," said Grill, who, by this time, had regained his good-humor, "and I shan't follow him. There's the whale, going eyes out to the north-east, and so, to the north-east goes this chap."

The other mates, who usually had full faith in the unerring judgment of the skipper, now seemed all of Grill's opinion.

Pulling with might and main, they were soon almost a league from the captain, where, breaching its full length from the water, with fins extended, the whale came down with the noise of thunder, and disappeared in a cloud of spray.

The order to "lie" (stop pulling) was heard, and standing

upright, the mates and harpooners kept a sharp look-out ahead, in which direction they expected the whale would re-appear. Wandel was still pulling, as if for his life, toward the west, and his astonished officers could form no other conclusion save that he intended to board the strange vessel, which lay directly in his way, though still nearly a league distant.

Soon little ripples, growing larger every moment, were seen ahead of the mates, and finally the water parted. Then there was a murmur of disappointment; for, instead of the whale, only a few "devil-fish" rose, puffing and whistling to the surface, wheeling along toward the north. Now a faint cheer was heard, far away astern of the mates' boats, and, glancing in that direction, the crews were not a little surprised to discover that "Foul-weather Jack" had fastened to the whale!

Ay, there, sure enough, was his boat, almost hidden by clouds of spray, through which gleamed for an instant the black flukes of the monster, as it sounded. There the light vessel was seen flying along, dragged with terrific velocity, in the direction of the strange craft.

"Pull—every man!" yelled the first mate. "Wandel for ever!"

The men seized their oars, and, wildly encouraged by their officers, strained every muscle.

Meanwhile, the captain had changed places with his boat-steerer, who now held the line as it spun round the logger-head. Selecting a lance of unusual length and caliber, the giant balanced it lightly, as he stood in the head of the boat, waiting for his fish to come up. One would almost have imagined the whale to know *who* was waiting for him; for he remained perseveringly under water, as if determined to die there rather than come up to encounter such a lance as Wandel's.

On flew the boat with unabated speed, and the captain directed many uneasy glances toward the line in the larger tub; for the coils, drawn therefrom with unusual rapidity, were fast diminishing. In fact, it soon became evident that the whale would take all the line before the other boats could come up.

The course pursued by the fish being, as mentioned, toward the strange vessel, the fast boat soon was within speaking distance of that craft, which proved to be the *Tezel*, a small sloop-of-war, schooner-rigged. The whalers were much struck with her neat appearance--with her trim, taut shrouds, and her clean, black hull, on which not a spot of dirt was visible. Not a rope or bucket was out of place, and her guns were arranged with the utmost precision. The "blue jackets" lining the forward rails, a lieutenant and midshipman on the quarter-deck, and the captain a good-humored, beardless-looking sailor, of middle age, standing upon a carromade-side, watched the whalers with much curiosity and amusement.

The direction of the boat would lead it past the schooner's stern, and so close thereto as to cause it to almost graze the rudder-post, without, as the weather was calm, any danger of a collision.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted the naval commander, pleasantly. "Hope you'll get your fish!"

"We may lose him," answered Wandel, disconsolately, pointing toward the tub, which now was empty. "He'll take all our line!"

Instantly the captain turned and said something to an old fellow, evidently his boatswain, who was seen to dart forward. The next moment a nimble young sailor, with a coil of rope over his arm, darted aft, reaching the stern just as the boat was gliding under it.

"Stand by!" he exclaimed, and threw the coil to one of the oarsmen.

Wandel was delighted, for the rope was nearly of the same length and quality as that in the tub. In half a minute it was fastened to the end of the other line, and the skipper was now possessed of a length of rope sufficient to last him until the whale should come up.

In fact, before the fish had taken more than half of the whale-supply, the order to haul line was given. A minute later up came the monster, leaping from the sea, and crying thunder. The captain, the moment his boat was near enough, sent his lance quiver into its trunk, when, turning with fierce rage, the whale made straight for the boat, his jaws

wide open, his teeth bristling, his flukes madly churning the water into foam.

"Stern! stern!" was now the order, and with every word he spoke, the speaker made his lance whistle through the air.

The men obeyed orders, but the whale was too quick for them.

In a few moments the great jaws overlapped the boat's bow.

"Aho!" growled old "Foul-weather" again; and he drove his lance into the side of the jaw. This had the desired effect; the whale rolled to one side in fierce agony, and the boat was safe. Not long, however; for as the captain advanced the long steel into the huge body, the great blackened hump was seen to disappear beneath the surface. The next moment up rose the gigantic flukes, fanning the air directly over the heads of the crew!

Several men were on the point of jumping overboard, when the electric voice of Wandel compelled them to sit down again.

"When *I* jump, then *you* may jump!"

Crash—bang—clap—scatter—rack-rack-rack-bang—boem—whish—whish—boong-boong-boong!

The flukes were making mad music round the skillfully-worked boat, and the spray was flying as thick as a blinding snow-drift. In this spray-cloud, the white face of Wandel was nearly invisible. But for the steady glitter of his eyes, he must have seemed headless.

Plying his lance with lightning rapidity, and issuing his orders to the steersman at the same time, his large form and the flukes and jaws of the whale seemed blended in one.

Sullenly, darting backward, and partially bringing his nose into the white foam-water of its own creation, the whale, nearly motionless, save that its long head, slowly, and with a stiff, rippling motion, was occasionally moved sideways, its closing one of its diminutive eyes fixed on the boat.

Wandel was not to be deceived by this pretended sluggishness. He advanced within darting distance, and no matter. Then his pitiless lance inflicted fresh wounds.

Mallene!—gold! beyond all bounds—the master, quick as a thunderbolt, uplifted his whole large form from the sea

and, like an enormous rock, tossed by a submarine volcano, overshadowed the boat.

"No jumping, there!" came the electric voice again; and the crew, who had started from their thwarts, sat down. The crewing boat-steerer, with one sweep of his steering oar, avoided the descending body, which fell crashing alongside with the din of a hundred guns.

"Ah!" shrieked the steersman, triumphantly; but his exultation was premature. The whale, diving with lightning rapidity, came up on the other side of the boat, and before it could be worked either to the right or the left, it was between the white-ridged cavern of his great jaws, which crossed it amidships! The 'midship oarsman saved himself by gliding overboard; the rest of the crew also rolled over the gunwales, as the bristling wedge, closing upon the boat, crushed it like an egg-shell.

The shrill piping of the boatswain's whistle now might have been heard aboard the sloop-of-war, the crew of which had been interested spectators of the scene just described, which took place less than a mile astern of them. A gang of "line-jackets," in response to orders, sprung for the cutter; but, before they could lower, the order was countermanded, as the whaler's boats were seen to pass the schooner, and would reach the imperiled men before a cutter's crew could do so. The whale had not yet gone down, but was swimming hither and thither, spitefully beating the water with his flukes, and evidently feeling for the heels of his enemies, who would kill him by dacking and diving. Soon the other boats arrived, and the captain and his men were picked up.

"Lost your whale, sir?" cried the mate.

"No," growled Wandle, as he clambered into the boat, and, dragging his bared, marble-white arm, he disclosed a sight that was truly appalling.

Under his arm-pits, while in the water, the captain had taken three even turns with the line which was attached to the whale!

The daring required for such a deed may be easily appreciated. Had the whale's under, it would have dragged the man attached to it under the water like a shot, as he had no knife to sever the strands.

Remarking that he would not have performed such an act for a thousand whales, the first officer hurried to unwind the rope from the captain's body and secure it to the line in the boat. A minute after the Leviathan's bulk, and away went the boat, the dark-skinned crew cheering like狂。 At 17 with a fish lance, Wan-lid, when the whale reappeared, was fortunate enough to feel the life-spot with the keen steel.

The monster swam feebly in a circle, spouting blood, but soon rolled over, fin out, quite dead.

The crew had been too intent upon the chase to direct a single glance toward their ship, since the creature was fastened to. Now, hearing shouts astern of them, they turned to discover that they were uttered by some of the sloop-of-war's crew, who were gesticulating to the whidemen, and pointing toward the *Japan*; they also perceived that many of the "blue-jackets" were aloft, taking in sail with all possible dispatch. Glancing toward their own vessel, they noticed that her situation was rendered fearfully perilous, by a sudden unexpected change in the course of the tempest.

This, as has been mentioned, when last observed by the whalers, was sweeping along south by east. Since then, the wind had hauled round, so that the gloomy rack and scud of the storm was now careering along north by east, a direction bearing straight to the ship, which must soon feel the force of the blast, and be carried shoreward. Torn columns of black vapor were whirling and flying through the air—the spray was driven hither and thither in great masses, like sheeted specters—a sulphurous hue pervaded the billowy clouds—the vast ocean seemed to move from horizon to horizon. As the gloom and buzz of the tempest thus grew heavy and ear, the thunder-voice of Foul-weather Jack boomed over the sea.

"Oars, every man! Pull as for your lives!"

He seized the signal-staff and drove the sharp steel end into the whale's hump. Upright, with the red piece of lanting dunting from it, the signal might be seen for a great many miles.

"Now for the ship!" he added, cutting from the floating Leviathan. "A long, swift pull, men, and a race with the storm."

The officers shrieked encouragement, and every boat seemed to jump.

It was a hard race. The whalers were only a league from their ship, it is true, and the storm was twice that distance; but the speed of the tempest, approaching the vessel from the one direction, was more than double that of the boats, approaching from the other. Although the seamen exerted themselves until the swollen veins on their foreheads seemed ready to burst, and the muscles of their bared arms stood out like bands of steel, yet it was soon evident that the storm would first reach the vessel. The advance couriers of the gale were already rippling the sea; the sails of the sloop-of-war had filled, and, shrouded in a light mist, she now was shooting along about north to west, so as to give the coast a wide berth before the squall should pounce upon her.

Standing upright in the stern-sheets of the boat, Wandel could see his daughter, stationed near the cabin, alternately directing anxious glances toward the storm-rack and the approaching boats. Knowing that she was much alarmed, he reprimanded himself for having lowered before making sure of the course of the storm. The full fury of the gale struck the ship while the boats were still half a mile abeam. Down she went upon her beam-ends, the black vapor almost shrouding her from view. Shrieking, thundering and hissing, the tempest and the mad waves raged round her, until half of her hull was buried in the foaming caldron of agitated waters. The circling vapors whirled round and round her trembling masts—the rigging snapped and cracked—every timber shook—the decks, and the fore, main and mizzen yards were hidden by clouds of flying sea spray.

Wandel caught a glimpse of his daughter, shrinking into the companionway; at the same moment he heard a loud crash and saw the foretop-gallant-mast topple over and go by the board. A grinding, scraping sound followed, and the whalers knew that the anchor was dragging. A minute later the boats, with much difficulty, came alongside. Their crews were soon on deck, and Wandel at once issued orders to let go the other anchor—the right bower.

The ponderous mass of iron crashed into the sea, and a sudden, violent, jerking motion showed that the vessel felt

the check. Still, it was soon evident that even the additional anchor would not hold her. The scraping noise ceased, and a reef of rocks, about twenty fathoms from, and parallel with, the coast, soon were descried, showing with alarming distinctness through the storm, mist, and the flying spray.

An old Portuguese, who had once served in a man-of-war, was ordered to cast the lead. Stripped to the waist, he clambered into the main-chains, being securely lashed with the bucket-rope.

"Heave!" roared Wandel, and the sailor threw the leaden weight into the sea.

"By the mark seven!" howled the old man, as he hauled up the line.

"Heave!"

And again the weight disappeared in the hissing foam.

"By the mark five!"

"Heave!"

This time the cast showed only *four fathoms*.

"That will do," said the captain; and the Portuguese returned to the deck.

"We are dragging fast," remarked the mate; "hadn't we better—"

"We can do nothing," said the captain, coolly. "The *Japan* is bound to go upon the reef. All hands must stick to the ship. She will not strike, after all, until the storm is past. Then, perhaps, we may get her off with the birds."

As he spoke, a low cry of superstitious terror was heard breaking from a group of Portuguese in the waist.

The mate clutched the captain's arm.

"Hark! there it is again," said he.

That strange noise which had previously puzzled the crew, the sound of the wind whistling through the neck of an empty bottle, was again heard.

Through the masses of gurgling water pouring over the rails, the captain, with a rope secured around his waist, dashed forward, glass in hand, and directed the instrument toward the coast.

Showing darkly through the white mist of the careering spray, he could now see a number of savages, cowering hither

and flitter about the beach, brandishing long spears, clubs, and bows and arrows.

The violence of the squall had by this time somewhat abated. The sand and rack were rapidly flying landward, the lower part trailing along the earth like a black veil. Still, the gale was forcing the ship toward the reef, over which the white surges were careering with the noise of bounding thunder.

On the other side, there were chains of rocks communicating with the beach, so that, if inclined to do so, the savages could easily reach the vessel after she should strike the reef. The number of the Indians seemed fully a hundred, and all were sturwark-looking fellows, well armed, and commanded by a tall man, evidently a Spaniard, wearing a long cloak and a sword.

The captain related what he had seen, and held a brief consultation with his officers.

The result was the arming of the men with lances, harpoons, hatchets, and other implements, which might be used with advantage in case of an affray.

The mate—an intelligent man—was of the opinion that the Indians seen were allies of the traitor Spanish general, Benevedes, and that their commander was one of the general's officers.

At this period the Chilianos were fighting for their independence, against the Spaniards, whose war-vessels were cruising along the coast, and whose troops had in several places effected a landing.

Benevedes had been a soldier in the Chilian army; but, having been taken prisoner by the royalists, he was induced to enter their service. Traitor though he was, he was a man of undaunting courage and excellent talents, which soon won him a high position among the Spaniards. Utterly devoid of principle, he was a cruel wretch, who murdered his prisoners in cold blood, and took delight in witnessing their agonies.

## CHAPTER II

## BOARDED.

"The rascals ought to respect that flag," gritted Wandel, through his teeth, as the stars and stripes, in obedience to his orders, were hoisted to the mizzen gaff.

"They are little better than pirates," answered the mate. "The *Japan* would be a good prize for them, I'm afraid."

Ruth sought her father's side.

"I hope there will be no trouble," she said.

Wandel said he hoped not; then he told Grill to conduct Ruth to the cabin, and stand by her until further orders.

"If a bullet hits me I won't stand long," remarked Grill, thinking that a joke in the midst of peril would show courage, if it did not excite laughter.

As usual, he was unfortunate. His brother mates looked exceedingly grave; one of them even groaned, as if oppressed by this attempt at wit.

Meanwhile, the gale having subsided, the captain, aware that he could not prevent his vessel from striking the reef, commenced pulling his craft by the stern, with the four boats, in order to lessen the force of the shock.

The men had exerted themselves for a quarter of an hour, when a grating, thumping noise was heard, as the ship ground alongside the reef. She would have keeled over upon her beam-ends but for the reef of rocks, which caught her and propped her up. Just then Wandel's best-sterner pointed toward the reef, and all hands beheld a cloaked figure, looming up beyond the spray.

The captain at once hurried his crew aboard, and ordered them to arm themselves. He then sprang upon the light-housetop, which afforded him a good view of the stranger, and of a very unpleasant spectacle. The man—tall, slender individual, with small, black eyes and thin lips—sat upon one of the rocks nearest to the reef. Behind him, and up on his right and left, towered, in the dim twilight, the tall forms of

the savages, well armed with bows and arrows and long spears. The Indians, who were of the Araucanian nation, were all powerful, war-like looking men. They wore garments made of the skins of beasts, and confined about the waist with girdles, from which depended, in thick masses, the hair of wild horses. Around their necks some wore ornaments of gold, silver and ivory, and the heads of many were ornamented with ostrich plumes, which added to the fierce, untemmed expression of their fiery eyes and bronzed faces. Motionless as so many statues—about a hundred in all—they stood, tenning eagerly forward, with half-impatient air, their glances fixed upon their leader. The latter, who was either a Spaniard or a half-breed between a Spaniard and an Indian, now bowing, saluted the whalemman with his sword.

"You are in a bad plight. Can we assist you?"

"No, thank you. We can pull ourselves off, when the wind changes."

"What is your cargo, *señor*?"

"We are whalers, and have five hundred barrels of good sperm oil aboard."

"Oil?" said the Spaniard, making up a wry face. "Why not throw *that* overboard? It would lighten the ship and smooth the water."

"Now, then, there's lubber's talk for you! What, throw my sperm oil overboard; good sperm, worth seventy-five cents a gallon!"

The great white face fairly quivered with rage. The Spaniard had dared to speak contemptuously of the "sperm" oil.

"I am no lubber. I have been a sailor in my time," answered the Spaniard. "Good-night, *señor* whalemman. It is growing dark, and I must leave you. I'll be here at daylight to help you off the reef."

Accompanied by his dusky companions, he then girded shore-sabre, and was enabled to view in the gathering shadows.

That night he shook his head. He knew that the Spaniard would like to get possession of the woman and make a privateer of her. He had heard that Dona Celia was anxious to obtain privation.

The savages, therefore, were ordered to keep their harpoons

and lances near them, ready for use, and to remain on deck all night. Good look-outs were posted on the knightholes, and in the fore, main, and mizzen tops. The captain, when assured that the watch was alert and watchful, stretched his huge limbs in the starboard boat, and, with his long lance by his side, dropped to sleep.

Just at four bells (two o'clock) in the morning watch, the second mate waked him. The darkness was intense, for there was no moon, but Wandel knew by the flush of his officer's eye that he was excited.

"What is it, Williams?"

"Listen—do you hear nothing?"

The captain's sense of hearing was good; but nothing now greeted his ears save the sighing of gusts of wind through the rigging, the wash of the waves, and the noise of the surf booming over the reef. Soon, however, he thought he could detect a faint, splashing noise, as of some person walking through the water. He glided forward, and using his night-glass, was enabled to make out the outlines of dim figures through the gloom and the spray of the surf. While still watching them, he felt a hand clutching his arm, and glancing down, beheld Ruth.

"Papa!" she gasped, "who are those people, clambering up astern?"

As she spoke, the look-outs who had been stationed astern darted forward.

"The Indians have swam along-side under water, and are boarding us!" they exclaimed.

The words were scarcely uttered, when the captain perceived that the whole after part of the deck swarmed with dim forms.

"The cable! the cable!" gasped the mate, at the same time and peering over the bow, Wandel discovered that the Indians, lining the cable like whatrats, were clambering into the hold! In fact the whalers were surrounded by overwhelming numbers; and the poor mate, somewhat dismayed, grasped his weapons nervously, as they gazed round their giant captain. He was well aware that his little party of thirty men, surprised by nearly a hundred adversaries, could not long resist so many. He knew that, if

overpowered, he and his band would be scalped and cut to pieces by foes who, perhaps, would not even show mercy to Ruth. His fears for the girl, predominating over every other feeling, led to the conception of a plan, which, though so novel as to seem almost bizarre, was certainly the very best that could be adopted under the circumstances. To an empty water-cask the end of the jib-halliards, cut from the sail, was securely lashed, and into this curious vehicle the trembling Ruth was deposited by her father, who bade her remain there until further orders. In spite of the peril surrounding her, she could not help blushing at the novelty of her situation; but she soon learned why she was put into the cask. At the word "Haal!" shouted by her father, up went the vessel until it was hoisted to the fore-topmast head, where it remained stationary. Peering over the edge of the cask, the young girl listened in an agony of suspense to the noises below. She could only see the dim outlines of the figures on deck, but her heart almost stood still, when she beheld many of these dim forms bounding over the windlass to meet others, who were pouring over the knightholes by way of the bows. She felt almost convinced that the Indians had hemmed in her father and his little party. She listened for the groans of the wounded and dying whalers, but she could not distinguish their voices amid the yells and shouts of their enemies, most of whom now seemed occupied in demolishing the forecastle scuttle.

Soon a red stream of light shot up through the darkness. Several of the natives had lighted lanterns, and by the gleam, Ruth now beheld the fierce men pouring into the forecastle. They had killed her father and his party, she thought, and were now about to ran-ack the ship for plunder. She watched them until all had disappeared through the opening; then, impelled by a faint hope, she leaned over the edge of the cask, and called, in a distinct but tremulous voice:

"Papa—dear papa! are you alive? Are you hurt?"

There was no response. Nothing was to be heard save the leaping of the surf over the reef, and the murmur of the savage voices in the hold. Repeating her question with no better result, she could but conclude that her parent really was dead. She did not swoon; but while brain and heart

ached as if ready to burst, she endeavoured to bear her loss with fortitude. Suddenly a gleam of light shot up through the open forecastle scuttle, enabling her to see the gaunt face of an Indian, who, holding a lantern so that the rays fell directly upon the cask, betheld its occupant. She had been gazing, then saw him spring into the fore-rigging, lantern in hand, and commence the ascent.

"What will become of me?" murmured the timid girl.  
"Ah, God help me!"

Suddenly the Indian paused. The girl would not why, but following the direction of his glance, she soon comprehended the reason. His eye was turned toward the main-top mast stay, along which Ruth could see a number of dim figures approaching, apparently land over land. More Indians! she thought, and shuddering, she hid her face in her hands. When she looked up again, the figures were within a few yards of the forecastle, and the Indian in the rigging still watched motionless. His long neck was bent forward; his keen eyes gleamed with mingled fierceness and surprise.

Trembling in every limb, almost breathless, the young girl saw the leader of the swinging forms pass the mast and clamber toward the topmost peak. He approached her rapidly; seen his face, emerging from behind the mast, and gazing through the gloom. Ruth could not mistake him. With joyful voice she called, "Father!" and Wandal, starting, laid his hand on her arm.

"Hist!" he said; "no noise!"

Unslinging his long lance from his back, he took a few steps at the Indian in the rigging, and sent the weapon whizzing on its way. The native had seen the dart, and now, swiveling his lithe, snake-like form sideways, he avoided the stroke; then, with lightning swiftness, descended to the deck.

"Missed!" exclaimed Wandal, exultantly, "and there he goes to join his mates. Hope they won't mix lie with my spar-oil!"

"How can you think of you oil at such a time, Wandal? It is by a miracle that you escaped the Indians!"

"Not a miracle, Ruth—only strategy. After you were locked in the cask my men and myself entered the forecastle, and thence made our way, by baring down the bulkheads, to

the steerage hatch ast, through which we came on deck. Then, mounting the main rigging, we came, by the main-topmast stay, to the foremast, as you have seen. The natives will find it hard to dislodge us from here. We have the advantage of position, and we can give them much trouble."

As he spoke, the last of his men arrived and joined his ship-mates, who had ranged themselves upon the topmast yard.

Ruth said she thought the natives could hit them with arrows; but her father informed her that the arrows could be avoided without much difficulty by his men, who could dodge behind the yards and the mast. As for his daughter, they could not injure her while she remained screened by the cask.

"But can they not climb up to us?"

"No. Three men aloft could keep a dozen at bay beneath them!"

The truth of this assertion was soon proved. Many of the Indians, yelling fiercely, now were seen to leap into the fore-rigging. Instantly a dozen harpoons were darted at them by the men in the yards, and several of the natives fell wounded to the deck. The rest retreated, uttering shrieks of pain and rage, when the whitemen drew back their weapons by means of long ropes attached to the handles.

During the remainder of the night a sharp watch was kept by the men aloft. They could hear the Indians below, apparently holding a consultation, but not daring to mount the rigging.

Just at daylight, one of the natives—a tall, powerful fellow—approached the foremast, bearing a huge ax. At the same time many of his companions, cutting two of the whalers' boats adrift, entered, and paddling a short distance to leeward of the ship, lay motionless, their keen eyes fixed upon the sailors aloft.

The man with the ax, moving straight to the foremast, his purpose was made plain; he intended to cut down the spar! His companions in the boats would commence a fierce attack on the sail as the moment the mast should strike the water.

Ruth trembled all over with fear. Her father pressed her hand, and bidding her "keep up her courage," unslashed his

long lance. As the Indian lifted his ax, Wandal told him to throw it down, or he would pin him to the deck with his weapon.

"Whizz-z-z! buzz-z!" came a shower of arrows at first; but not one touched the giant or his men, who were sheltered by the fore-topmast and yard.

The Spaniard now made his appearance from the forecastle and ordered the Indian with the ax to proceed with his work. The sharp steel was buried in the wood at the same moment. Wandal darted his lance. The native, dodging to one side, barely escaped it.

The Spaniard bowed to the whaling-captain with a sarcastic smile; then issuing a few orders, a cask was soon lowered over the head of the ax-man, thus shielding him from lance or harpoon. The Spaniard now coolly marched aft and seized the ensign halliards, for the purpose of hauling down the American flag, fluttering at the gaff. At this sight, Wandal's white face was fairly convulsed with ire. He was a Nantucket man, and was brimful of patriotism.

"What!" he growled, and his voice rolled like a lion's through every corner of the ship; "haul down the flag of the nation that sends out more whalers than any other in the universe!"

Towering in his wrath, he resembled a huge, white tiger, suspended aloft there in the shrouds. His round eyes grew larger and brighter every moment, until, no longer able to contain himself, down he went, shooting with lightning swiftness to the deck, by means of a backstay. Heless of the shower of arrows that whizzed round his head, he gashed the quarter-deck with three bounds, and aimed his lance at his enemy, who now drew a pistol from his bosom. Before Wandal could dart, however, or his enemy fire, one of the arrows aimed at the whaler's head, by the Indians forward, missed its destination, lodging in the heart of the Spaniard, who, with a hoarse cry, fell dead into the sea. As the screaming natives now darted toward him, Wandal, snatching the half-lowered flag, sprung into the mizzen rigging, and was soon out of reach of his foes. Hauling up the ensign halliards, he then secured them around the mizzen-topmast, so that the colors could wave un molested from the gaff. The Indians

stood watching him in dignified silence, not caring to waste their arrows upon a man shielded by a good spar. They preferred to wait until he should attempt to regain the foremast, when his whole person should be exposed. Wandel, however, although a man of considerable daring, was not foolhardy enough to attempt to return to the foremast while the natives were waiting to make a target of him. He remained upon the mizzen, coolly watching his foes, and wishing that he had a rifle or pistol to shoot the Indian who, with the ax, was pounding away at the mast forward. Now and then the captain would direct a glance seaward, from which direction the wind was blowing almost a gale.

This wind, which had already served him a good turn—which had saved his life, by blowing aside the well-aimed arrows, when he darted aft to secure the flag—now bore to his ears the unmistakable sound of creaking yards and slatting canvas, proceeding from the fog that obscured the sea. While Ruth trembled in her cask, the men, clinging to the yard above, expected every moment to feel the mast going over, something dark was seen looming from the fog astern, and the next moment the sloop-of-war hove in sight, parting the waters with a roar, as she boomed upon her way. She had begun to luff up, and was about to tack, before her crew perceived the situation of the *Japan*. By shouting and waving their lanterns, the whalers now made known the extent of their peril, which must already have been suspected by the *Terror*'s commander, who stood upon the knightheads, glass in hand. Soon his main yard was hauled aback, and while his boats were being hoisted out and his sweeps got ready, a bright flash was seen; there was a heavy report, and a shot, howling along, shattered the bow of one of the whaleboats, containing the natives. Another shot soon followed, creating the wildest panic, not only among the Indians outside of the ship, but also among those aboard. As the schooner's boats were lowered and manned, and the Cross of St. George was run up to her gaff, every Indian took to the water and made for the shore. By the time the boats reached the ship, not a native was in sight.

"How long have you been in this situation?" inquired the *Terror*'s captain, as he sprung up the whaler's gangway.

Wandel explained in a few words.

"I wish I had known this sooner," said the schooner's commander, as he lifted his cap to the young girl, who now stood on the quarter-deck.

"My daughter Ruth, sir?"

The captain bowed, and said he was very sorry that she had been subjected to so much inconvenience.

"It is not common for the Indians to visit this coast," he added. "These fellows must be in league with Blackbeard."

"Doubtless," answered Wandel, as he cordially clasped the speaker's hand, "and I thank you heartily for your timely aid. You have not only saved my daughter's life, but also my ship's oil."

"How about that whale of yours?" inquired the Englishman, smiling. "Do you think you'll ever see it again?"

"If I can get the *Jupiter* off the reef in time, I can find my whale. The signal can be seen a long distance."

"My look-outs saw it yesterday from the deck, sailing shoreward."

"I thought it would drift that way; but do you keep look-outs?"

"Yes. You must know my vessel is a Chilian craft, and my crew part Chilian, part British. I am cruising in search of a certain Spanish gun-brig, which was seen off the coast, a few days ago."

"You are not a Chilian?"

"No; an Englishman."

"I wouldn't have thought it, you're so modest."

The captain laughed.

"You speak as if you thought my countrymen were, ~~as a~~ a rule, devoid of that quality."

"Not exactly. I didn't mean that they lack modesty so much as I did that they generally have a sort of chaff, ready-to-row-and-lie look, which you haven't."

Ruth, glancing shyly at the captain's round face, deemed her father right. The firm frankness and hearty bearing of the captain, seemed to be taken up at once, and his frank but quiet manners were free from the slightest tinge of bullyism.

"Without wishing to flatter," continued Wandel, glancing

at the well-knit frame, "you look as if you could stand a mighty deal of work. You'd make that 'midship oar of mine bend some, I guess, if you were in my boat."

"I can pull a good oar," the captain answered, smiling.

As he spoke, the first lieutenant, a stately, fine-looking officer of twenty-five, stepped upon the quarter-deck, and touched his cap respectfully to his commander.

"I have examined the rocks where the vessel is aground; and I think we can get her off without trouble, when the wind changes."

"Very well, sir. Send Mr. Gray back with the cutter."

The young officer obeyed, then returned to the deck, when the captain introduced him to the whaling-skipper as Lieutenant Howard.

Wandal shock hands with him cordially, and introduced him to Ruth. Then, with the naval commander, he walked forward to look at his injured foremost.

While the two captains were forward, the lieutenant and Ruth conversed pleasantly. The young girl was much pleased with the frank, manly bearing of her companion. She was not very vain, and yet she experienced great pleasure in feeling that her attractions were appreciated by the lieutenant. She regretted that she had not time to make improvements in her toilet, slightly disarranged by her "imprisonment" in the cage. In reality she need not have troubled herself about that matter; for, although several of her rich brown tresses had escaped from under the pretty pearl comb on the back of her head, they only enhanced her beauty by contrasting with the rosiness that was blushing her sun-brown rounded cheeks. Her eyes were blue and bright as stars, her musical voice, and her plump, buxom form, with the little feet encased in dove-colored garters, naturally enough made an impression upon the Englishman, who acknowledged to himself that, if this maiden was a specimen of the girls of Nantucket, he should not object to settling upon that thoroughly American island. Ruth's intelligence surprised him; for, at that period, a very little education was deemed sufficient for the gentler sex, whereas the captain's daughter seemed capable of conversing upon a variety of intellectual subjects. In fact, perceiving that he was careful to confine himself to such light topics only as he

thought were adapted to womankind, she, with a slight degree of mischievousness, suddenly touched upon higher and weightier matters.

Soon after, the two naval officers quitted the whale-ship, the captain promising to return when the wind should change, to help Wandel clear of the reef. As the lieutenant followed his commander into the boat, the girl really felt sorry that he was going, and acknowledged to herself that she was more agreeably impressed by him than by any young man she had ever seen.

Wandel spent the rest of the day in fitting a new top-gallant-mast from the spare spars in his hold, and in patching up the damaged foremast. Several hours later the wind changed, hauling round to the westward, and at daylight two boats—the quarter boat and the cutter—manned by the captain, his lieutenant and crews, were seen approaching. The whaling captain greeted the two officers cordially. Both lifted their caps to Ruth, who, having made some becoming improvements in her toilet, looked very lovely. She blushed with quiet pleasure on meeting the lieutenant's glance, while he showed by his manner that he was very glad to find himself in her presence again.

But brief space, however, was afforded them for conversation. The commander ordered Howard to superintend in getting out the lawser which was to be attached to the *Jaguar's* stern and to that of the cutter. This was to be the rear boat employed in towing, while the quarter boat was to be the lead one, the whale-boats being designed to occupy a space between. Ruth watched the men, when at last they commenced pulling, and admired the long, steady and even strokes of the English crew, who were all Englishmen. There is much grace displayed in pulling. The reigning peculiarity of our nation is, in some degree, shown by the manner in which its naval representatives handle their oars. The Englishman pulls a sturdy, dogged stroke; the Frenchman's oar flies rapidly and quiveringly; the American pulls with power and nervous energy.

On the present occasion, making due allowance for the difference of oars, the peculiarity alluded to was sufficiently plain. The long-limbed Nantucketers, with sleeves rolled up

and lips compressed, made their oars bend and crack with every stroke, while the plump-faced naval men in the captain's boat pulled gravely and deliberately, as if carefully weighing the result of every exertion.

The ship's topsails having been loosened to assist in the work of getting clear, after the anchors were a-weigh, the vessel was soon pulled into deeper water. Half an hour later she floated within a mile, and to leeward of the schooner. The jibs were then raised and worked, when it was found that the ship sustained no serious injury, although she leaked more than she did previous to grounding. The naval commander having boarded her, his lieutenant again found an opportunity of speaking to Ruth. They enjoyed each other's society for half an hour which to them seemed scarcely fifteen minutes. Then the two officers returned to their vessel, but not yet to continue on their course, for the wind had now died away. In fact each captain was obliged to anchor, as there was a slight ebb-tide, which otherwise would have drawn them shoreward.

Lieutenant Howard did not regret anchoring, as he might now anticipate another visit to the whaler. Meanwhile the Nantucketers' look-outs had spied the signal, attached to their whale, far away off the larboard quarter, and close in-shore. Boats were immediately lowered, and before night the whale was alongside. Wandel got up his tackles for cutting in, and at daybreak the work was commenced. The naval captain, like curios to see the operation, bearded the whale with his lieutenant, who had also expressed a wish to be present.

"You'll excuse my hand, captain, I guess!" said Wandel, who, with his eyes rolled up, and an enormous chunk of blubber in his hand, advanced to the gangway. "Just look at it, grand-dad, will you?" squeezing some of the oil from the blubber; "it's the prettiest sperm I ever laid eyes on."

The other captain smiled.

"I am glad of it. How many barrels will your whale make?"

"Twenty-five, at the least. A good haul that, skipper, when you remember that sperm is seventy-five cents a gallon."

He conducted his visitors to the larboard side of the deck,

where the first blanket-piece (strip of blubber) was being hoisted in, and continued expatiating upon the merits of his whale. The men forward were heaving away merrily at the whale-lass, singing as they worked; and the naval captain seemed much interested in all that was going on around him. Lieutenant Howard, on the contrary, kept his eye upon the cabin, eagerly watching for Ruth to come up. His mind was so full of her plump form, little feet, and dove-like eyes, that I doubt if he heard a word the skipper said.

"Stand from under!" roared Wandel, suddenly.

The hook holding the blanket-piece was tearing through the blubber, and the huge mass must fall in a few seconds. Howard was directly under it, so occupied with his thoughts and in watching the cabin, that he did not know that the captain's warning was meant for him. In another moment he must have been knocked down, bruised and disabled to death by the blanket-piece, had not the giant performed a maneuver, not less remarkable for skill than daring. Snatching a whaling-sword from the hand of his third mate, he severed the huge piece of blubber with great rapidity, and then passed his own form against it, forcing it by sheer strength to one side. The next moment, cleared from the hook, down it came like a thunderbolt, crashing to the deck, the captain only escaping by a tiger-like spring to leeward! The whaleman turned, on hearing the noise behind him, to see the end of the fallen mass within half a foot of him, and seen only concluded that Wandel had saved his (the lieutenant's) life by saving his own. He grasped the whaleman's hand—saying that it was—and poured forth his thanks, also his regret that Wandel should have—

"Not a word," interrupted the skipper. "You and yours have served me a good turn, and one good turn deserves another."

Just then Ruth came up, and the Lieutenant was soon by her side. He doffed the gallant cap of his sailor, when the young girl turned quite pale.

"Forgive me," he said, coloring deeply, "for being the cause of his exposing himself to such peril. I was watching for you, which was why I did not hear him when he shouted his warning."

"I have nothing to forgive," she softly answered. "I was saying that if that great weight had fallen on you—"

"I checked herself, feeling that she was expressing too much concern for her companion, on so slight an acquaint-

ance.

Snatching the impulse of the moment, he grasped her hand and pressed it to his lips. Half-frowning, half-smiling, she withdrew it.

"You are not offended?"

Averting her face, she answered:

"No; but please don't do that again."

"I have a favor to ask of you," he said. "It is that you will let me write to you, after we part, whenever I have an opportunity."

"You must ask papa," she answered, a little gravely.

While he remained aboard, he watched for an opportunity to do so; but the captain was too busy. Ruth was now more reserved with him than usual, and yet her gentle manner showed that she was glad to have him by her side. In the course of a few hours he left the ship, with his captain, who promised Wandel that he would visit him again on the following day, if the calm should last that long.

Before night the whalers had their fish cut in, and were making preparations for trying out. By midnight, the red flame of the try-work chimneys was shooting up through the gloom.

The captain and his Lieutenant came aboard, after dinner, on the following day. Howard, as usual, sought Ruth's side, and the young people were again happy. When the Lieutenant perceived that his captain was ready to return, he drew Wandel aside.

"I have a favor to ask of you, sir."

Howard's aged white face wrinkled all over with a broad smile, and his round eyes blazed intelligence.

"A favor? Ay, ay, and I know what it is. But don't ask it; I'd rather you wouldn't ask it, as I made up my mind about the matter, several days ago."

"Sir?"

"Ay, several days ago. It'll be all right. You just wait," continued Wandel, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"I hardly think you know what I was going to ask?"

"Yes I do; don't ask it. I'll send what you want aboard in one of my best casks."

As he spoke he happened to glance significantly at Ruth. Surely the skipper did not intend to sell Jack, and in a cask, how well soever such a vehicle might be used to purpose when attacked by Indians. The young man shuddered at the thought, at the same time exclaiming:

"You say you'll send her aboard?"

"Her! what do you mean by *her*?" cried Wandel, amazed. "I never heard *sperm oil* called *her* before!"

"Oh!" cried the lieutenant, blushing, "it's sperm oil you mean?"

"Of course—what else? I intend to send aboard, as a present, a better cask of sperm oil than you ever burned in your life."

"Many thanks; we would like some cool oil. That, however, is not what I meant to ask of you."

"Well, heave ahead, then; I guess we'll come to the point after a while."

"I would ask permission to write to Ruth when she reaches the Islands."

"Ah!" exclaimed Wandel, agreeably disappointed that the lieutenant had not guessed about the oil. "Of course I've no objection. I'll speak to Ruth about it."

"She knows, already."

"Hey!" and the round eyes grew brighter than before.

When the travel-men were about taking their leave, the skipper seized Howard by the cuff of his coat.

"Young man, what are your prospects in life?"

The lieutenant pointed to his sword.

"My fortune depends upon that."

"A pretty *fortune*," said Wandel, "but I guess it don't worth more'n fifty or sixty dollars, at the most."

"I don't know, as it was presented to me by L. C. Greene," answered Howard, smiling.

"So you ain't got any money laid up against a rainy day?"

"Oh, yes; I have a few thousand pounds in the bank, in London."

"There's many a man engaged 'bizness' on less than that. I'd advise you to try the oil-trade, which certainly pays. There's Nathan Comstock, the great Cracker oil merchant, who does 'bizness' in Front street, New York. There's no measuring the fatness of his pocket of oil."

"I will think over your suggestion," answered the lieutenant, as he took his leave.

A few hours later a breeze sprung up, when both captains made preparations to get under weigh.

The sailors were soon at it, and, after Waukeel had sent his present, the two vessels stood along on different courses, the schooner running along to the southward, to cruise in search of the Spaniard, and the other craft leading about north by west. As Ruth stood by the quarter-rail, watching the receding vessel, she saw Howard upon the schooner's main deck, waving a farewell to her with his cap. Soon after, the *Texel* was no longer in sight.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE DRIFTING CANOE.

In about a month after parting from the *Texel*, the *Japan*触到了荷包岛。 At that period the Sandwich Islands were as civilized as they are now. Desks lining canoes, I went ashore, and swam off to the ship, and climbed up the side of the dock, with bundles of bananas, and other tropical fruit, strapped to their backs.

Howard received them with much politeness; but his friend's dark skin and dark whiteness soon frightened them away from the vessel.

At noon the captain went ashore with his daughter, and sent a letter to the residence of his brother, the missionary. The house was a small, white, two-story cottage, standing upon an eminence, just on the outskirts of the town, not far from what is now called the Oil Road. The little building was almost hidden by tall coconut trees, sugar-cane and banana

plants, through which the ripe, yellow bananas gleamed like golden crescents.

Flowers of variegated hue and pleasing fragrance hung over a piazza in front of the house, their white, red and blue colors contrasting beautifully with the green of the shrubbery.

Guy Wandel, the missionary, a tall, benevolent-looking man, came out to greet his visitors as they stepped on the veranda. He welcomed them warmly, but there was a sadness in his tones and upon his face which he was unable to hide.

Ruth's anxious, questioning eye was upon him.

He led his visitors into the house, and having refreshed them with some cooling drink, conducted them to the sick room. Ellen Wandel, the missionary's daughter, lay there wasted almost to a skeleton, but her eyes lighted up the moment she saw Ruth.

"I knew you would come," she faintly gasped. "I have struggled hard not to die until you came, and I have succeeded."

A bird, hanging near the window in a cage, now began warbling a sweet refrain. The missionary, turned aside his head to hide his emotion. He had made Ellen a present of that bird on the day before she was taken ill.

Soon after, the captain took his departure, promising to come early on the next day. Ruth remained by the bedside of the invalid, talking and reading to her, and otherwise endeavoring to soothe the flickering remains of life. Between her and the captain's daughter a strong and friendly bond always existed; and when, a few years previous to the present time, Ellen separated from Ruth to go on a long sailor's tour to the Sandwich Islands, the cousins had felt the loss of anguish at parting. Ruth, as she watched Ellen's recumbent form in the stere-coach, had experienced a strange presentiment—a feeling as if her fair cousin was never destined to come back again. It is said that the dying sometimes have the power of seeing far into the future of their friends—a power akin to that of the mesmerized. At midnight Ellen, who had fallen into a feverish slumber, suddenly opened her great, hollow eyes, and fixed them upon Ruth, who still sat by her bedside, wake and watchful.

For full five minutes Ellen gazed steadily and earnestly at her cousin.

"Do you want any thing, dearest?" inquired Ruth.

"No," faintly answered the invalid; then gazing directly over her companion's head—"it is dreadful—terrible!"

"What?"

"That creature—a great spotted Bull! There—there! It is gone now! It was right over your head, gazing at you as if it would tear you to pieces with its horns!"

Ruth feared that her cousin was becoming delirious; but in a few moments she had the satisfaction of seeing her again close her eyes.

Captain Wanbold arrived just in time, on the following morning, to see Helen breathe her last.

The missionary hung over the body of his only child in the deepest grief, and seemed to find it hard to keep from sobbing outright. His religion helped him bear his great woe; but it was hard—very hard to bear, when the star, the consolation of his life, was just gone out.

A few days later she was buried in a graveyard behind the little Kanner school, where the missionary preached to the natives and taught them to read and write. She was buried under a tall coconut tree, which was always visible to Guy, through one of the open windows of the school, whenever he preached.

Ruth now exerted herself to cheer him up, and divert his mind from his loss. He had always loved his niece, and her presence would do him a world of good. He requested the captain to permit the young girl to remain with him a long time, and Wanbold readily complied with his wish. The vessel would much require, and besides, he intended to remain six months or more in the Japan Sea for right about. During this cruise he hoped to fill his vessel. He would stop at Honolulu, on his return, for his daughter, where they could sail for home together.

The work of repairing the *Jagan* occupied six weeks, at the end of which time the captain was ready to depart on his cruise. On the day fixed for sailing, he made his way to the cottage, to bid his daughter farewell. As he was passing through the garden, his own name, pronounced laughingly,

saluted his ears. Two Kanaka gardeners, at work on his brother's grounds, were gossiping about the skipper.

"He very big man," said one; "that's fact. Got man-size to feet and hands—that Wandel."

"Yes, and he knows how to throw de hammer, every one say."

"Think he might scare the whalers with that hammer?" said I and the other. "I never saw such size man, with hammer, all my life."

Wandel, who had stopped to hear the roundabout, clinched his fists, and glared fiercely in the direction of the voices. His round eyes fairly blazed—his bare form quivered like a tree in the wind. A moment he stood thus; then, with a smothered roar, like thunder, he dashed through the strawberry and confronted the two astonished and frightened Kanakas.

Catching the one who had offended him, and whom he had seen, while the unfortunate spoke, through an opening in the bushes, crowd the middle, he lifted him as if he were a child, and dashed him against a nail fence at the side of the garden. As the bewildered native staggered to his feet, the captain sprang at him again, and would probably have inflicted further punishment but for the arrival of Gay Wandel, who interposed.

"Hold, brother, for Heaven's sake! What has he done?" With his ing voice Wandel explained, when Gay, slightly irritated, turning to the Kanakas, bade them never again allude to the offensive subject.

"Think no harm," answered he who had been attacked. "Not see why he got mad?"

Gay took his brother's arm, and the two walked into the house, to find Ruth a-listening, and Kennedy's old housekeeper, who was sewing.

Before Leon Wandel had departed from his brother, and was busy getting under weigh.

Four months elapsed before the last from his port, when a sealing-schooner brought in a letter from Leon, stating that he would be back in the course of three weeks, with a vessel nearly full. The missionary looked well when he read the note, for he knew that his brother would come to carry his niece away from him. She was a great consolation to

him, and helped him very much in teaching the little ones in the Kanaka school.

The dusky boys and girls liked her, and would cluster round her, listening earnestly and respectfully to every word she said. One day she received a letter from Lieutenant Howard, in which he stated that his schooner would be in Honolulu in a few weeks for a fresh supply of provisions and other necessities.

Every day after receiving this letter, the young girl would eagerly look seaward from an upper window of the cottage, affording her a good view of the harbor. One afternoon, three weeks later, she saw in the offing a vessel which she felt was her father's. Quitting the house, she made her way to the landing, and stood watching the vessel for half an hour, wishing she could go to meet it. It was now less than three miles distant, but was rendered a little indistinct by a light mist resting upon the sea.

An old Kanaka in a canoe came alongside the landing near which she stood. He was bowed and shriveled, and had a worn, piteous look.

"Want to go to ship?" he inquired. "Take sail any where for one *real*."

Ruth stepped into the canoe, when the old man sprang out with his paddles, saying he must get a better pair. The young girl extended her hands to hold the canoe, when the current carried it too far from the land for her to do so. She called to the old man, who, however, being deaf, hurried along without looking her. The dim twilight and the mist prevented her from being seen by a party of men aboard a sloop, about a half a mile to her left. The canoe drifted swiftly along; Ruth, at each stroke, tried to check its headway with her hands, but was unsuccess-<sup>ful</sup>. At a quarter of a mile ahead of her, could hear the breaking of the spray and surf, which was now parallel with the beach to the right of the landing. Over this wall of water, toward which the surf was rapidly drifting, the natives often direct their voices, and could be heard plainly by Ruth, as they called out to each other, as they landed on the beach. The landing place was only a hundred yards on the crest of the rolling surf. Ruth, however, unskilled in boating, could not keep to land with such success. Her canoe would

be whirled over and over, and she dashed, bruised and bleeding, upon the beach, perhaps to rise no more.

Vainly she called and struggled; her frail craft was fast nearing the dangerous reef—she could hear the bawling of the surf, growing every moment louder. She turned toward it, and saw the thundering waters flying up in great mounds of foam and spray, scarcely two ships' lengths ahead. The surf deprived her of her little remaining strength, and she sank helpless upon the bottom of the canoe. Just then she heard the sound of oars a few fathoms astern of her, and distinguished through the mist the faint outline of a large boat. She recovered her strength and shouted for assistance, when she was glad to perceive that the boat was rapidly approaching.

"Ahoy, there?" cried a deep voice, which she thought she recognized; and a moment later the same voice called: "It is a woman; pull, lads—pull with a will."

Still she doubted that she would be rescued in time. She was already in the creamy, eddying whirlpool near the reef, her vessel spinning around like a top. The foam came boiling over the bows of the canoe; it was rapidly filling; she clung terrified to the sides. The next instant she became aware that the little craft was about being overwhelmed by a huge, rolling surge, which came crashing and tumbling along toward the reef. She closed her eyes, and had already given herself up for lost, when a strong arm caught her and pulled her from the canoe into a large boat, while the same familiar voice previously heard, exclaims:

"As I live, it is Miss Wandel!"

She opened her eyes to see Lieutenant Howard, who stood by the sternsheets of the quarter-deck, with his arms thrown protectively around her. His hands were full, so that he could not manage to get out of his seat; the boat, however, was scarcely a ship's length from the reef. He held it, but so firmly that the vessel did not rock, but lay over the stern of the boat, dipping the oars and the chart, and almost swamping them over and over.

"We are safe, now," said Howard, regretfully, regarding the young girl.

"You have saved my life a second time," she said, her eyes

beaming gratitude. "I had no idea your vessel was in this port."

"We arrived about a quarter of an hour since, and I have anchored just off the reef. My boat was on its way shoreward, when, thank heaven, I heard your cries in time!"

Ruth now knew that she had made a mistake; that it was the schooner which had been seen in the offing.

They soon gained the landing, and as Howard helped Ruth out of the boat, the old man owning the canoe came tottering toward them.

"Where is my little boat?" he inquired, anxiously. "You have not lost it, I hope. My canoe was all the fortune I had in the world."

"You should have made it fast, then, before you left it," said the lieutenant. "Through your carelessness, this young lady has had a narrow escape. Your canoe is probably dashed to pieces on the rocks."

The old Kanaka wrung his hands, and his whole frame trembled.

"I sorry for her," he said, in his broken English, "and I sorry for canoe. Oh, where shall I ever get another?"

Howard took a gold piece from his pocket, and slipped it into the shriveled hand.

He turned to the coxswain and told him to remain by the boat until he (Howard) came back.

"I will see you safe home," he said, offering his arm to his fair companion.

On their arrival at the cottage, the frank, honest bearing of Howard at once prepared the missionary in favor of the young officer, whom he earnestly invited to call and see him whenever he could find time to do so. Howard promised he would, and it may be imagined he kept his word. The old Kanaka would watch and listen for his coming, every day. Gossips, and much of the gossip, was told and retold in Ruth's thoughtful eyes, whenever he came. His presence made the air softer, the suns blighter, the winds lighter, and the sky s bluer, for her. Meanwhile, watching for her father's vessel, she wondered why it did not come. Howard informed her that the wind was favorable for port-bound vessels; and, although he endeavored to hide the feeling from her, the girl

could perceive that he felt some anxiety with regard to her father.

"I am very fond of papa," she said, one evening, "and if he should be lost, I don't think I should ever stop grieving for him. Big, strong papa! what an indulgent, weak and feeble protector he has proved himself to me!"

At the word protector, the lieutenant, who was by her side, drew nearer. He gazed wistfully, a few moments, at the round, flexible waist, then encircled it with one arm, clasping Ruth's hand at the same time. She faintly endeavored to disengage herself from his clasp, when, perceiving by his earnest eyes that he intended to speak, she became motionless, blushing to hear the loud beating of her own heart.

"Ruth!" he said, "let me be your protector! Be my wife!"

She trembled, averted her head; then put her hand in his disengaged palm; and he knew, although she spoke not a word, that the Nantucket girl was willing to be his.

"When papa comes, you must ask him," she said, quietly disengaging herself from his embrace.

Soon after, the lieutenant quitted the cottage, feeling now that the return of Captain Wandal was alone necessary to secure him his bride. The time for the departure of the schooner was rapidly drawing near, and on this account, as well as for Ruth's sake, the young officer was anxious for the whalerman's arrival. The truth was that Howard's term of service about the schooner had expired; but he had promised his commander that if he did not succeed in winning Ruth before the vessel was ready to leave the island, he would ship with him again. He was very fond of a girl's love, and had resolved that he would not give it up for any thing, except a marriage with the Nantucket girl. Her bright eyes gave him power to lure him from the sea and keep him on shore. With her he would be content to settle down and live a quiet, uneventful life. If Wandal should not arrive before the sailing of the schooner, there was no knowing how long a time might elapse before he should see the young girl again. In fact, he had reason to believe that, in case of such departure, he might never come back, as there was a prospect of desperate fighting with the Spaniards.

As the lieutenant hurried along, after leaving the cottage, he saw a figure, dimly visible in the evening gloom, skulking behind a tree ahead of him. He quickened his pace, when the figure rapidly receded. He would have passed on without taking farther notice of it if the moon, emerging from behind a cloud, had not shown the fugitive's taken him to a track of one of the schooner's foremast hands. Believing that the man wished to desert, the lieutenant felt that it was his duty to follow him.

He did so, and gained his side just as the seaman, pulling a revolver from his pocket, pointed it at his own head.

"Hold!" cried the lieutenant, catching his arm, and dexterously wrenching the pistol from his grasp. "What means this? Are you so tired of service aboard the schooner, that you would destroy your life?"

"It is not that," answered the man, who proved to be a handsome young Kanaka, known among his shipmates by the name of "Kanaka Jim."

"What then?"

The islander cast down his eyes and folded his arms with a gloomy air.

"Not tell you now; tell you to-morrow," he said. "Please, sir, give me pistol."

"No, no, my fine fellow; you must not blow out your brains."

"Not even let poor Kanaka kill himself?" said the young sailor, with a great sob.

"Come, come, my good lad; this is childish. You should control yourself better than this. We will go aboard the schooner."

The Kanaka followed the lieutenant with disconsolate air, and the two were soon aboard the vessel.

## CHAPTER IV.

## LOST.

When Captain Ward wrote to his daughter that he would arrive at Honolulu in a few weeks, he lay in the Oil-skin, trying out the last whale he intended to lower for during the season.

"Work lively, my men," he said to his crew, toiling with rolled-up sleeves and smoke-begrimed faces, "and when we've cleared the decks we'll make a straight wake for the island, and thence sail for home, only calling a little on the way."

Hearty cheers greeted this speech. The Manilla, alone, towering like an evil spirit alongside the flailing try-wicks, partook not of the exultation of his shipmates.

The merry-hearted mate clapped him on the back.

"What's the matter, Manilla? Why don't you laugh and shout with the rest?"

"I'm not going home," was the gloomy answer. "Think nobody in this ship go home."

"Ho! ho! Manilla; why so?"

"Because when I'd sit on you," answered the superstitious sailor, pointing to a large barrel which sat on the top of yard, glaring down at them.

"Nonsense!" cried the mate, taking off his cap, and playfully flinging it at the creature at it.

The barrel dropped from its perch at the same instant, and roared a long, snake-like tongue of flame, shooting from out of the try-wick chimney, starting the crew with alarm. With a hoarse shriek, and screech as a siren, it hurtled down, diving into the roaring flame of the chimney, in which it exploded, with a roar, like ring of thunder. Many of the sailors were superstitious enough to look upon this as an evil omen.

A few days after the incident, Ward had stowed his oil and washed the ship thoroughly, inside and out. The men had exchanged their working garments for clean white jumpers,

well-washed canvas, woollen trowsers, and Scotch caps and  
tarpaulins.

Bound to the islands, all, except the Manila, were little  
and heavy. Alert or allow the sailor and whistled, as the  
ship's broad bows roared through the foaming water. They  
were not yet in sight of the Manila islands when, one evening,  
a gale, with a heavy sea, was encountered.

A remarkably skilful steersman, albeit he was a little nervous, was stationed on deck. The compass, being too near the iron, was taken out of the binnacle and fastened to the table. Not long was it there when down from the Mizzen-topmast came a heavy block, which, by the swinging of the ship, had been dislodged from the hook, and falling upon the compass, shattered it to pieces, smashing the framework as well. The mate, much annoyed by this occurrence, hauled the fragments overboard, and entered the cabin to procure another compass—now the only one in the ship. He met the captain in the state-room.

"Sir, the compass is just broken"—proceeding to explain.

Wankel kept the remaining compass, together with his sextant, quadrant and other nautical instruments, in one of those bound camphor-wood chests, which may be purchased for a mere trifle of the Japanese. Now, going to this chest for what was wanted, he discovered that the salt water, leaking through the dark lighted windows, had deluged the wood, so that there was danger of its (the water) reaching and injuring his instruments.

There was not a perfectly dry spot in the whole cabin. The bed was in such a state of decay and filth as to say  
more even worse than the cabin in this respect, to say  
nothing of the cracked oil there, with which it would not be  
possible to conceive to connect. The shipper had  
the wood dry by putting a number of small stones  
under the bottom of the floor to hold it in  
place, and the floor was perfectly dry, but the  
cabin. The deck of the ship, after a time, was  
so bad that his chest lay on the deck, and when  
he was, which was always dry, being well protected from the

"The compass is near the bottom of the chest," said he; "I will take it out, after we get this in the bin."

He summoned a couple of men, who, lifting the chest between them, soon carried it out of the cabin. Just then the ship rolled over fairly on her beam-ends, and a tremendous sweep of her decks fore and aft. The two men, with their burden, were dashed to leeward. They clutched the railing to save themselves from going overboard, and the chest—the precious chest, containing the only compass in the ship, besides Wandel's other instruments—was carried far away up on the crest of the receding wall of water! Wandel, rising from the cabin as the vessel righted, at once comprehended the catastrophe that had taken place; and a look of dismay, which was reflected upon the faces of all his officers, crossed his brow.

The next moment his thunder voice tore through the din of the gale.

"Clear away the starboard boat!"

"Captain, no craft can live in such a sea," cried the first mate.

"I shall try it, at any rate," was the response.

Down went the boat, lowered alongside. The next moment, crashing against the ship, the frail craft was cracked from stem to stern.

"Hoist up again," said Wandel, gloomily.

The men obeyed; and the captain, with something very like despair expressed in his eye, stood watching the receding chest until, weighed down by its heavy contents, and the water entering through an opening in one side, it sank out of sight for ever.

Fore and aft, every face now wore a blank look.

"No compass, no sextant or quadrant in the ship," was repeated, with white lips, from man to man.

Wandel was the first to recover from the momentary stupor which seemed to weigh upon every soul.

"We may soon fall in with a merchant vessel," he said, hopefully; and all who heard him were at once cheered by his words.

Meanwhile the two men, who had been obliged to let go of the chest, stood under the round house, looking as if they

expected a severe reprimand from their captain. Although they did not deserve it, they believed that the full force of Wandal's wrath would soon be leveled against them. Therefore they were greatly surprised when the giant, turning toward them, quietly remarked :

" My fault, men ; I should have taken better precaution."

Unfortunately, neither the captain nor his officers were very well acquainted with the region in which they now found themselves drifting, without compass or quadrant, their whaling experience having been principally confined to the South Pacific. So long as the wind held as it was, however, they could determine their course with tolerable accuracy ; and when the sun should make its appearance, they could derive great assistance from that planet.

They stood along on the starboard tack, keeping as close-hauled as the gale would permit, until about midnight, when, the tempest having subsided, there were several changes of the wind. At length it blew steadily from one quarter, and the opinions of the officers varied as to the direction. The first mate thought it came from the east, the third mate, from the north-east, while the captain, concluding that it was from the north and west, steered accordingly.

The sky was still cloaked, and a thick fog added to the gloom of night. Therefore the skipper had stationed a good look-out at the knig't-heads and another in the fore-top. Suddenly a grating sound was heard along the vessel's keel ; she had entered an ice-field, and the bergs were seen looming through the fog all around her.

The captain continued steering, as he supposed, in a north-easterly direction, for several days, during which the sun still remained out of sight. He should have sighted and passed the Kerguelen islands before this ; but as no land had yet been seen, he concluded that he was on the wrong course. He therefore turned, and stood along in a direction where the clouds looked as if they were gathered round the summit of some lofty headland. No landfall was found, however, and the puzzled seamen looked at each other gloomily and shook their heads. Upon the wide ocean, without compass or quadrant, whither were they drifting ?

Day after day, the crew look-outs vainly watched for a sail ;

nothing greeted their vision save the broad, pathless ocean and the cloud-covered sky. At this season, the sun in these regions sometimes remains obscured for weeks. Such, in the present instance, was destined to be the case; and the leaden shadows of the clouds seemed reflected upon the faces of the crew as wind and current carried them along in their unknown course.

Meanwhile, the weather grew colder every day, and large ice-fields frequently were encountered, compelling the skipper to tack ship very often, and use the utmost precaution to prevent his ship from being stoven. In this manner a fortnight was passed, by which time the fresh water and the provisions began to fall short. Now, however, the sea looked clear ahead, and all hands began to hope that, at last, they were on the right course. Standing along under whole top-sails a couple of days, they finally saw land ahead of them; but they soon discovered that it did not belong to the Kuriles. It was a bleak, desolate, snow-covered isle, whitened with huge seals, which, with heads lifted skyward, gave utterance to the most dismal howls and lamentations. Wandel examined his chart, but could form no idea as to the name of this isle. He kept on his course until daylight, when, far away over the tops of the floating bergs, the look-out at the masthead saw something tall and straight looming in the air off the lee bow.

Leaning forward, he shouted, "Sail, O!" with all his might, making every man jump.

"Whereaway?" howled Wandel; and when the answer came, his glass was pointed toward the object.

"Ay, it is a sail," he said, passing the glass to his mate.

"A queer-looking craft, I should think," remarked the first officer; "but it don't matter, if her captain has a square compass to sell."

Wandel squared in his yards, and in the course of an hour reached the stranger, which, however, proved to be a melancholy wreck! She was a schooner, with only her foremast standing, and the whole after-part of her hull submerged. Her solitary spar, sheeted with ice, resembled a crystal column, and her frosted rigging glittered like silver network. A huge, speckled bird, with an enormous bill and red, evil-looking eyes, was her only occupant. Perched upon the knighthead,

This creature glared upon the seamen, as if resolved to dispute with them the possession of the wrecked craft. Wandel called them, without even lowering a boat.

Another week passed, and still no sail had been sighted. The ice now was all round the ship, and her crew was obliged to work hard to prevent a collision. Their provision was running fearfully short; an allowance of three biscuits to half a cup of fresh water per day, was dealt out to each man.

One night, at about two bells, in the first watch, while the vessel was running along under close-reefed topsails before a gale, with the floating ice crashing and thundering around her bow, the look-out, who happened to be the Manillaman, was seen to spring suddenly to his feet. At the same moment a line of white water was observed, gleaming less than a quarter of a mile ahead, from the center of which towered something huge and black.

"Land, O P!" shrieked the islander—"close ahead!"

Wandel gave orders to ware ship; and the vessel came round just in time to avoid contact with the rocks. At daylight, the land bore away about two points abeam the weather beam, and the skipper seeing smoke issue from several points, tacked, and stood toward it. He was soon near enough to lower a boat.

On landing, the crew found themselves in the midst of a group of Esquimaux, not one of whom could speak a word of English. These people wore seal-skin and dog-skin coats, and had great rings of fishbone in their ears and noses. One, who seemed to be a person of authority, invited Wandel, by signs, to visit his hut. The captain complied, and was soon in the Esquimaux's dwelling, which contained many curiosities, such as fishbone harpoons, seal-skin whaling-lines, spears, whalebone sticks, etc. Glancing round him, Wandel suddenly beheld something which made his heart bound within him; upon a sort of shelf, he saw a ship's compass-box, in excellent order. He motioned to the Esquimaux to take it down and show it to him, endeavoring to make the man understand that he wished to purchase it. The native took down the box, when, to his inexpressible disappointment, the captain discovered that it was empty!

Despairing of being able to obtain any intelligence as to his whereabouts, the captain returned to his ship, and again struck off in his unknown course. By noon of this day more land was seen ahead, and, from a rock near the shore, a signal was a sail, flying from a tall pole. This sight renewed the hopes of the crew, who, when near enough to the land, were again ordered to lower the starboard boat. On reaching the shore, the men were joyfully greeted by half a dozen rough-looking fellows, clad in skins, and who looked as if nearly starved. They proved to be Russians—the crew of the wrecked schooner, which had been seen a week before—and only two or three of them could speak English. Their vessel, they stated, had been stoven four months previous, and their boats having been swept away by a gale, they were obliged to take to a raft, by means of which they finally reached land, with only provisions enough to last them a couple of months. For eight weeks, therefore, they had been obliged to subsist on roots, berries, and seals.

"You'll find my craft poor quarters for food," said Wan-le; "but bring along your *compass*, and we'll all go boating to the Sandwich Islands together."

The Russians then stated that they had no compass. The binnacle, with the wheel-house and cabin, had been washed overboard just before their craft was stoven.

"Then," said the captain, disconsolately, "you had better remain ashore, for I have no compass to steer by!"

The castaways held a brief consultation, which ended with the decision to go with Wan-le.

"Winter is coming on," said the spokesman. "Surely you will not leave us here to perish in the snow and cold?"

"You may come aboard if you choose. I ain't the man to desert a shipmate."

The castaways were pulled aboard. A few minutes later, the vessel was again booming along through the ice.

"Sail, O!" screamed the man at the mast-head.

A shout of joy rang through the ship; the captain seized his glass.

"Whereaway?"

"Two points off the weather bow!"

Soon a shudder of disappointment agitated every frame

What was thought to be a sail proved to be a large, speckled bird—the same, evidently, which had been seen aboard the wreck!

"See!" cried the Russian who spoke English, "that bird flying south, where weather warmer. Follow bird, and you steer right course!"

The bird had passed the ship, and was flying to leeward. Wandel kept off and followed it. Not long, however; suddenly turning, the creature, with a hoarse shriek, flew to the ship, and alighted upon the fore-top-sail yard, whence it could not be driven.

Before night the wind changed, a heavy fog settled around the ship, and the captain could form no idea as to his course.

The McMillan man was again on the look-out. Heedless of the cold, drenching spray, he sat upon the knightheads, his elbows on his knees, his weird face supported by his hands. Through the mist he suddenly beheld a dim, rugged-looking object, right ahead. It was an iceberg, and the man's warning shriek proclaimed the fact.

"Keep off!" thundered Wandel; but, before the ship could answer her helm, there was a tremendous crash, and the vessel keeled over almost on her beam-ends! As she righted, a ringing, gurgling sound was heard. It was the noise of water pouring into the hold!

Wandel backed his main yard and had a boat lowered. Pulling round to the bow, he perceived that one of the timbers had cracked open. He procured canvas, and with this stopped up the aperture. Such patchwork would answer for the present; but the captain doubted that his craft would weather another gale.

For a whole week the fog enveloped the lone ship. Several narrow escapes from being again stoven by the ice, and from going ashore.

When the mist cleared, the captain sprung aloft, glass in hand; but he could see no sign of a sail. He descended to the deck, and with a gloomy brow leaned over the rail, watching the evil-eyed walrus, with its long tusks, and the round-blanked, blundering seal, as they came up to look at the passing craft.

Forward, the greater part of the hungry crew lounged about

the windlass and the rails. The Russians formed a group by themselves upon the fore-hatch; and not far from them stood another group; nine or ten half-starved Nantucket men, glancing askance, and with lowering brows, at the occupants of the hatch.

In a word, the Nantucketters were discontented because they were obliged to divide their scanty rations among the crew. At first they (the Nantucketters) had performed this duty carefully; but, as the Russians seemed disposed to grubble at their small rations, the whalersmen lost patience. Their ill-humor had increased as the growing pains of hunger became harder to bear every day; and now their minds were worked up almost to a pitch of frenzy against the men who suddenly and almost peremptorily claimed half of their mid-day allowance.

There is little room for generosity, ready sacrifice in the hearts of half-starved men; and the Nantucketters were not exceptions to the rule.

They had resolved to set the Russians ashore in one of the whale-boats; and they now only waited for Ward and his officers to go below to dinner, to execute their design. They did not have to wait long. The skipper soon descended into the cabin, and the signal for action—a shrill whistle—then was heard.

Instantly two of the rebels sprang to the bow-hoist and lowered it, while the rest, armed with hand-grenades and rifles, ordered the Russians to enter the boat at once, cautioning that if they made the least noise, or offered any resistance, they (the whalers) would ram them through. The rebels exchanged a few words; then, with prudential caution, they moved toward the rail. The moment they reached it, however, all turned and rushed toward the cabin, and up to the hatch to come up. The first Nantucketer had his hands full, but the Russians, determined to have their prey, had only a few feet to go. The skipper, Ward, had come on deck, the ship, up and ready to go. The men had ordered the steward to bring his gun, and the steward, Mr. Grill, still leeward, had loaded it, and was ready too.

Poor, trembling, agitated Grill! His mind was very busy

evidently a knife and fork; for the moment he reentered the cabin, he returned to his seat at the table and commenced cutting his salt pork with great avidity.

Up came the steward with both the mate's and the captain's pistols hung in one arm, and a string of handcuffs dangling from his disengaged hand.

"What are you going to do with those things?" inquired Wandel.

"We must put down mutiny, sir," said the first mate. "If we let these fellows have their way *once*, they will give us no peace."

"Put those weapons back where they came from, steward," said Wandel, quietly. Then turning to the rebels, he scrutinized every face.

"What is the meaning of this, men?"

The Nantucketers explained, adding, firmly:

"Those Russians must either leave the craft or die!"

"It is my wish that they remain aboard," answered Wandel.

"We won't submit to that, sir!" replied one of the men, sullenly.

Foul-weather Jack stepped up to this man, and quickly seized him by the nape of the neck and the waistband, lifted him, kicking and struggling, straight up above his head, and there held him!

Appalled by such wonderful strength, as well as by the almost unearthly expression of rage convulsing the captain's great, white face, the other rebels drew back, shivering their shag-bags. At the same instant, Wandel's voice rang out, a the snap like the crack of a thunderbolt.

"By the soul of Nathan Stedwick! if any lubber of ye ever dares to say my orders, everbath'll be gone!"

He snatched him to the deck, and snatched the point of his long knife into the man's wrist. The man, closing his eyes with a groan, felt that his flesh had been seared out:

"O, I . . . I'll avenge you—when I come—go! by!"

Instantly Wandel dropped him to the deck, as if he were a piece of red-hot iron, and in a softer, low voice bade him and his companions go forward, do their duty, and not meddle with the Russians again.

Now the singular power of the captain was shown in this that the Nantackettmen, instead of grumbling, shouted, "We will we will!" and went forward cheering.

The next morning, after they had, as usual, divided their allowance with the Redskins, the skipper said to each man a cask of salt-peaks and a barrel of flour, which he had intended for the cabin-tiffin. He had not meant to content himself with half a barrel a day, that his men might have less than their usual allowance.

At eight bells, draw-winch, the wind began to howl and whistle in the rigging, fore-topsail a gale.

This pounced upon the ship about dark, and the captain was obliged to keep the pumps a-busy.

The vessel tore through the rolling waters like a wounded sea-lion, with every thing crack and, as it were, all backs-outs were stationed in the forecastle, ready to fall.

Midnight was near, when a shout was heard from the man in the top, at the side of a large ship, suddenly leaped through the darkness, scarcely touching the water.

"Keep off there for yez all," said the captain of the stranger to his helmsman.

"Hard down—hard—hard!" bawled the "Foul-weather."

Neither vessel could at first discern her, and a collision seemed inevitable. In fact the two ships were within five fathoms of each other before the jib-boom of either began to swing. At this moment, as the "Jug" was leaped up on the crest of a huge sea, a long line was cast overboard, along the flying-jib-boom. Only two men were there; the next, down up to the shrouds, and the other, the jib-boom casting in the other end of the ship, was short off. Then, with yells and groans, the two vessels were away from each other, leaping and leaping over the waves. As the "Foul-weather" had been a good distance from the ship, she had not been struck by the boom, but in her head, and about the middle, quite dead, her side by the jib-boom, and the jib-boom had torn off his head, it was a wonder that he was alive.

Unfortunately "Mollie" had been cast up on the flying-jib-boom to wait only at the pump, and the jib-boom had quickly followed.

His body, sewed up in canvas, was launched overboard at daylight; and with a dismal gurgle, the waters closed over the shrouded form. Soon after, the man at the masthead was heard shrieking "Sail, O!"

Yes, there it was, sure enough, far away to leeward, the vessel with which the *Japan* had collided on the previous night.

As the gale had abated, Wandel now made all sail and ran down toward the stranger. When near enough, he hoisted signals, and was glad to see the other vessel come up into the wind, with her main yard aback.

Shortly after, he boarded her, when she proved to be the whaler *Mystic*, of New London. Captain Green, bound with a full cargo to the Sandwich Islands.

Wandel now learned that he was far out of his proper course; that he was between the Aleutian Islands and Bering's Straits. Captain Green had several compasses aboard, and gave one of them, together with an old but unlimbered quadrant, to Wandel, refusing to take pay for either. He had several casks of biscuits and some barrels of meat to spare, which he sold to the *Japan*'s captain for a very small price. The spirits of the hungry crew rose, the moment the provision was hoisted aboard, they sang and cheered as they squared in their yards, and their vessel went bowing before a fair wind, in company with the *Mystic*.

The fog, prevailing in this region, soon separated the two vessels, although both were rolling along on the same course. The *Japan*'s crew cared little for this separation now; at last they had obtained a compass to steer by, and were perfectly satisfied.

You would have thought these poor fellow—men who had followed the sea for many years—had never seen the magic circle before, when all hands, from the cabin-boy to the captain, came crowding round the timbale to get a look at the compass.

Notice compass! ever true and steadfast! With what glad eyes the whidamen watched it! From the depth of their hearts how they blessed it! how loudly they cheered it! How merry it made them all!

## CHAPTER V.

## THE ARRIVAL.

The protracted absence of her father's vessel inspired Ruth with harassing fears and anxieties. Guy Wendell also began to grow uneasy; and every day, at sunrise, noon and night, he was out upon his balcony, with his glass eyes, watching the offing an hour at a time.

In a fortnight the sleep-of-war would sail; and unless he should win captain Wendell's consent to a marriage with Ruth, and make her his wife before that time, Howard must fulfill his promise to his comrade, and be in the war-vessel.

Three days of the fortnight passed, and still there was no sign of the *Jument*. On the fourth, however, far away in the mighty offing, the Lieutenant, from the balcony of Guy Wendell's cottage, saw a vessel about a league and a half distant, sailing along toward the harbor under every sign of wind and current. The craft had a dark, shadowy look, but, in spite of this, Howard's practiced eye soon discerned certain peculiarities about her which convinced him that she was the *Jument* of Japan!

Ruth, standing by his side, looked with joy at the good news. She pinched her bosom to apply a drop to her eyes, and direct it to her heart to strengthen it.

"Yes, there it is," she said; "I could see it! But how strangely dim it looks, so far off!"

Suddenly Howard stepped on a chair, and, with Ruth, lowering the glass, looked up at her lover with anxiety.

"Where is it now?" she asked. "I can see the vessel no longer!"

"Ay, where is it?" he replied, rubbing his eyes, as if to assure himself that he was not dreaming. "It has disappeared!"

Ruth uttered a sharp cry, then compressed her lips, and leaned for support against the railing.

"I understand?" she gasped. "The vessel has gone down! Do you see the boats?"

Howard was looking for the boats; but he could not see them.

"They must be there, however," said he. "There's a thin, light mist on the water. Perhaps that hides them."

Then he shut the glass, and, bidding Ruth keep up a good heart until his return, he left for the sloop-of-war, in order to ascertain what his captain thought of the strange disappearance.

He arrived alongside the schooner, just as the cutter was lowered, and soon beheld the captain descend and take his place in the stern-sheets.

"Did you see it, sir?"

"Ay, ay, sir; it was truly wonderful! The craft must have gone down like a shot, to disappear in that way. I am going to discover, if I can, what it means."

"I should like to go with you."

The captain consenting, the Lieutenant was soon in the cutter.

"It was about here that we saw it," said the commander, when his men had pulled for half an hour.

The four men were ordered to rest on their oars, and all to look about them, to discover, if possible, any trace of the missing craft. No such trace, however, could be found—not even a bucket or a chip of wood.

Higher and higher, for about two hours, the captain kept his men pulling, with no better result. Suddenly the deck-sweat, a keen-eyed young fellow, gazing eagerly to leeward, said that he saw something which looked like the sail of a boat, leaping through the thin mist, apparently about a long distant.

"Pull away!" was now the order, and the men again labored back to their oars.

Soon the fog, thickening, hid the sail from their sight. They continued pulling some time longer, when they were again ordered to rest on their oars, for a roaring sound, mingled with the loud flapping of canvas, now was heard directly ahead.

The next moment, bursting to view through the fog, so

suddenly as to almost run them down, the cutter's crew beheld a whaling-boat, so battered, bruised, and scurvy by hard service in the ice, that at first she was hardly to be seen.

High above, however, on the fore-top deck of the cutter, the human form of Foul-weather Jack, magnified by the mist, and his great white face gleaming out weirdly and distinctly from under a large black fur cap, caught the upward eyes of the cutter's men.

"Luff, and haul back the main yard!" roared the skipper, as he glanced down at the tocsin bell beneath.

The vessel came up into the wind, and as the cutter's crew pulled round her stern, they read there on the main, "JAPAN," distinctly traced in black letters.

The oarsmen looked mystified, and there were a few superstitious old fellows among them who shrank their heads cautiously.

Their captain soon set all their fears and doubts at rest.

"We have been deceived by a mirage," said he. "What we saw disappear so mysteriously is known to have been only the reflection, in the mist and spray, of the Japan, before the real Japan was visible. This will make a good note to put in your journal, doctor," he added, referring to a thin, middle-aged man, with a long red beard, who had been permitted him, in the hope of picking up a few odds and seamen to operate upon.

The cutter was soon alongside the Japan's main yard, and the captain and his lieutenant were cordially greeted by Wandel, who explained the cause of his long absence.

"Ay, ay," said the naval captain. "I could see by the looks of your craft that you had come to the north. In fact I should not, at first, have known the vessel to be yours, but for seeing you ashore. You are a man not to be mistaken, Captain Wandel.

"Why?"

The other could not answer this question without making personal observations; therefore he only succeeded to change the subject.

Wandel, however, would not be put off in this manner.

"Come, I guess you'd better answer my question if you please."

"Well, then," said his visitor, smiling, "you are a remarkably tall man, you know, and have a very white skin."

The round eyes dilated—the rage of a mad bull seemed to stalk the giant. His frame shook—his whole face was convulsed. The duties of hospitality—the services the speaker had rendered him—all were forgotten—obscured, as it were, by the fierce fire of his unceasing anger.

With a half-snatched roar, like a lion's, he caught the other captain by the cuff of his coat with one hand, and by his waistband with the other, evidently intending to serve him as he had served Grill on a former occasion. Now, however, he found that he had a more difficult person than Grill to deal with; for, with all his Herculean strength, he was unable to lift the navy officer an inch from the deck.

Grill, in his turn, by such rude treatment, this person now caught the giant dexterously by the waistband, with both hands, and, by a sudden, unexpected movement, almost whirled him to the deck.

Wanlel soon recovered his balance, and the two men, grappling in a fierce struggle, both fell, the whaleman uppermost, with his hand up in the other's throat.

"Let me up!" gasped the sloop's commander, hoarsely, his eyes lurid with rage.

Wanlel complied; then, clutching both throats, was about to dash recklessly at his antagonist, who had now drawn his sword, when Lieutenant Howard, springing up the gangway, interposed.

"Captain Wanlel—will you, my lord! Gentlemen, for heaven's sake, let you alone!"

Wanlel now remembered to him the captain should his sword a thousand times be taken away, by another both men, at once renounced their ambition. The doctor, much excited, with his hat off and his red hand on his heart, scurried up the gangway, exclaiming:

"My lord, my lord, where are you going? God help the captain, my lord, if you are injured!"

"I am not hurt at all," said the captain, smiling.

"I am glad of that," said the doctor, "but I like not this land. I do not like it. I do not like it. I do not like it. My

conduct, I know, must have seemed very strange to you ; but if you knew—”

He paused, much agitated, when his host caught his hand, at once grasping his hand, changed the subject.

“Enough : we are friends again,” he said, with his usual frank smile. “If you have a mind, you will get into the harbor in time to take dinner with us when the boat comes.”

“I heard you call him ‘Lord’ just now,” said Will, drawing Howard to one side, after he had been seated. “What lord is he? I didn’t know any yet. Indians were such free, off-hand people.”

“He is Lord Goldsmith,” answered Howard. “There is not in a better-hearted or braver man, was ever born on British soil.”

At eight bells, Gullie did dock the *Jayhawk* in an eddy in the harbor, when Captain Wainwright invited the visitors to dine aboard the schooner.

An hour later he was on his way to the cottage, accompanied by Lieutenant Howard.

“Captain,” said the young man, as they came in sight of the cottage, “I have a favor to ask.”

“All right. I’ll grant it, I guess.”

“You’ll make me the happiest of men if you do. I want Ruth.”

“What?”

“Ruth—I want her for a wife.”

“Ho! ho! you do, do you? This is the end of this pass, have they? It’s queer that I should be the last a man’s off at sea. Does Ruth know that you’re not here?”

“Yes, sir; I have told her, and she has told me to you.”

“Now, my Captain of Neptune here. What will you take? Do you want Ruth, or not? You’ll have to tell me all of what I said to you—”

“I have told her, and she has told me to you, and I’m going to say no more about it.”

“Sperm oil is the best; however, you can do for yourself. Do you want my Ruth, do you?”

“Yes, sir; I—”

"Enough," said Wandel, grasping the Englishman's hand, and fixing his round, flicking eyes upon him, as if he would read him through. "Enough. I think you may be trusted. You're an honest man, with good business prospects; so I guess I'll let you have my Ruth."

"Thank you—thank you. You make me very happy. But I have another favor to ask. It is this—that you permit me to marry Ruth, here, within ten days."

"Well, now, it seems to me that you're in something of a hurry."

The young man explained the reason, and the skipper was satisfied. The marriage might as well take place first as last, he thought. Guy Wandel could perform the ceremony, when ever required to do so.

"Have you spoken to Ruth about your being in such a hurry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what did she say?"

"She made no objection, except some trifling one about wedding garments not being ready, which you know is of no consequence. Any thing will do to be married in."

"Ay, ay; any thing will do," said Wandel, with a knowing shake of the head. "She's got plenty of them new dildos."

When they arrived at the village, and the joyful greeting between father and daughter was over, the two seamen hurried the subject of the marriage, to him, to their inexpressible dismay, that "any thing" would not do to get married in—that neat, tasteful Ruth desired her wedding dress to be made specially in importunity only to the bridegroom himself.

"I am sorry," said Wandel, when poked at the off-hand, "but I will if you'll tell me the effect of her dress. "I am sorry that you, Frank, would like to see me dressed in a less becoming manner."

"Ay, ay; don't it I?" answered Frank. "Any thing will do, I know. I know little about such matters, do you see, having almost been brought up on ship-board. I can rig a ship as well as any man, I trust; but when it comes to your charting sea, I own I'm at fault, as far as the *rigging goes*.

Now, to my thinking a white dress, pink shoes, a blue sash, and a red rose in your brown hair, are about the things for a wedding. Too many flowers are apt to make a girl look top-heavy."

"Ay, ay; that's it—top-heavy is the word!" cried Wandel. "You see, Ruth, the Lieutenant is a sensible man; though I differ from him about that matter of the dress—a bright calico, in my mind, being the most becoming thing in creation."

Ruth panted, blushed, and shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Well," said she, smiling, "Frank's taste is the best of the two, but it does not assist me in this most important matter. I really am at a loss to know what I can get ready to wear in so short a space of time, for there are no dressmakers in Honolulu."

Howard was extremely puzzled; then a happy thought seemed to flash across his mind, and although he did not express this thought aloud, it gave him a peculiar bright, knowing look, all the rest of the day.

"Ay, ay," he muttered, as he glided alongside the schooner in a shore-boat, "I'll speak to Cochrane about this matter. He ought to understand it perfectly well, although, like myself, he's seen more blue water than fair faces."

The Lieutenant found the captain walking the quarter-deck. When he had taken two or three turns backward and forward with him, he broached the subject of the wedding dress.

The captain opened his eyes and shook his head knowingly.

"You say she hasn't time to rig up as she wants to—that is, to get ready a white satin dress, a lace veil, etc., etc."

"Ay, ay, sir, etc., etc. I suppose," continued the Lieutenant, blushing at his own ignorance, "that the things a woman wants at her wedding can hardly be counted."

"They are countless—*almost*," replied Cochrane, stamping the deck with the heel of his boot. "So she hasn't time to rig up?"

"That's it, sir, I believe—on account of there being no dressmakers in Honolulu."

Cochrane paused in his walk, knitting his brows in reflection. Suddenly he looked up at the lieutenant, and snapped his fingers vehemently.

"What, have you really thought of something?"

"Ay, ay, I've thought of something," answered the other, with a grim smile of pleasure. "I take an interest in your affairs, Mr. Howard, and shall be glad to help you in this matter."

"You are very kind, sir. You have taken a great weight off my mind. I thank you very much."

"It is not worth mentioning. As I now to business. The principal article is that Ruth will want are a white silk or satin dress, and a lace veil, which are always worn by brides at a wedding. As to an orange-wreath, and the other things, she can get them without much trouble. Now, I suppose you remember that, when we traded at Japan, I purchased a beautiful white silk gown and a lace shawl of a trader who came alongside?"

"Yes, sir; I remember."

"Well, now, I'll just send those things as a present to your Ruth. Like most all women, she's handy at her needle, I suppose, and so, in a few hours, she can turn the gown into a wedding dress. As to the lace veil, the shawl, pinned to the back of her head, will answer for one, I dare say."

The Lieutenant was struck almost dumb with admiration at the captain's wonderful knowledge of female attire. Here is a man, he said to himself, who is one of the best sailors and fighters that ever trod a ship's deck, and yet he knows fully as much about little trifling matters as he does about the working of his craft and his profession. And he grasped the captain's hand, thanking him warmly for his generosity and kindness.

"I am much obliged to the Lord for you," said Cochran, "for, as you know, you've almost brought up under my own hand, and have been a good sailor. Still, you may tell your pretty Ruth, from me, that I wish her much joy, and that I'm not at all particular at you for being freed away from me. She's a charming pair of blue eyes. You may do with her, if you like, that the man I used to be made for the wife of a Chinese mandarin. The mandarin would not give her money to buy it, after it was made, because the price, according to the notions of the wretched old sinner, was

Howard promised to do as requested. His heart was light during his watches on deck that night.

While he was at the cottage, on the following afternoon, Lord Cochrane's present was brought thither by Kaula Jim. This young fellow seemed, in a great measure, to have recovered from the sorrow in which the departure had left him plunged, on that night when he, the Kaula Jim, had been in destruction. In truth, his misery, as Howard had learned on the following morning, was ended by the proposal of a certain beautiful "Wyheenie," (Sandwich Island girl,) to marry him; and the lieutenant had consoled him by pointing out that the girl would have him when he returned from his last cruise.

With the haste of feminine curiosity, Ruth opened the package sent to her, when out dropped the silk gown and the shawl. An exclamation of admiration was elicited at once at the fineness of the texture, and she now proceeded to unroll the gown.

It took her some time to do this. The garment was of huge dimensions, and had evidently been intended for a lady weighing not less than two hundred and fifty pounds! On it was pinned a slip of paper, containing these words, in the English captain's own handwriting:

"The gown to be turned into a wedding dress. The shawl to be pinned to the back of the head, for a lace veil."

With difficulty Ruth suppressed her inclination to laugh. The peculiar shape of the gown would make it impossible for her to change it into a wedding dress; and as to using the shawl for a veil—that was not, for a moment, to be thought of.

"Upon my word," she said, turning to her maid, who had prepared her for the reception of the article, "I am much obliged to Captain Cochrane for his kindness. This is truly a valuable present."

She meant what she said, for so much cloth, of such fine quality, could not have been purchased in New York for less than two hundred dollars. Still, for what it profited her, both the gown and the shawl were useless.

"So it's all right?" said Howard, his eyes smiling, his face full of quiet, important gravity.

"The things are very nice," said Ruth, blushing.

"Ay, ay; that Cochrane is a wonderful man. *He* knows what a woman needs."

Ruth could not trust herself to remain much longer in his presence. She was almost choking with her efforts to keep down her laughter; so she caught up the things, and, carrying with them to her own room, indulged her merriment without a witness.

She was resolved that the captain should not know that his present had not answered her purpose. She must make a confidant of her lover, however, as he would perceive, when the time for the ceremony arrived, that she had not put on the garments sent. As for Cochrane, he would not be present on the day of the wedding, which was fixed for that on which his vessel was to sail.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE WALK, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

It was a beautiful morning, a few days after the incident just related. Ruth was selecting from her trunk the garments which, for want of a dressmaker, she would be obliged to wear at her wedding, when she heard a familiar step on the stairs below, and knew that the Lieutenant had come to see her.

The young girl stopped her work, smoothed her hair, and, having made several other improvements in her toilet, descended to greet her lover.

"It is a beautiful morning," he said, "and as I have leave for the whole day, I have come to ask you to take a walk with me, through the Hawaiian hills."

Ruth readily consented, and soon left the room to dress for the walk. When she returned to him, Howard thought he had never seen her look more lovely. She wore a cotton blouse, trimmed with a wreath of flowers, a pearl-colored kerchief, with little motto-gather, and a light shawl, arranged with peculiar and becoming grace.

As the couple left the cottage, a tall, graceful, remarkably handsome Kamaka girl passed them, on her way to the mountain. Howard glanced at her, and immediately his face lighted up. Ruth noticed it, and again the smile of well-being made her blue eyes flash. It passed in a moment, however, when Howard took her arm in his.

Slowly the lovers strolled among the shadowed groves of cocoanuts. The sun-shine stole upon them through the leafy boughs; the grass, dotted with various flowers, was a rich green around them; a bird sang upon every bough and bough. Conversing pleasantly, the young couple were soon in among the hills. They sat down on a moss-covered rock, and looked the rainbows spinning the deep valleys. Lying back with the red, blue, white and golden colors of the sky they mist, they could distinguish, here and there, a Kamaka hut. Howard was telling Ruth how much he loved her—that she was such a treasure as he had never hoped to win, and that he would be sure and take good care of her when she was his. She was listening to him, much pleased, and with head half averted, her heart keeping time with every tone of his voice, when the same Kamaka girl previously seen and passed, now tipping lightly along toward the valley. As the morn hurried on, Ruth noticed that Frank was watching the small receding figure with the same interest he had previously evinced, an interest which she (Ruth) did not then know. She tested her heel, and there was a warm glow on the smooth, smooth cheek which was turned toward him. This and her look so bewitching that Frank could not resist looking her. Then the chair which he carried to his side, and the feeling of jealous pain which had crept into him, and he had listened to his speech with pleasure.

Thus absorbed, the lovers did not notice that the sun, in his course, had already set, and that the first drops of rain began to descend. Howard, however, with his constant watch, and as the water increased, and his anxiety was turned to the girl, who was still seated, if it should become wet, he took her arm and hurried her to seek shelter in the nearest hut, situated in the center of the valley.

The two were pleasantly welcomed by an old Kamaka,

sat upon a mat, eating poi, (a vegetable which, when pounded up and mixed with water, resembles thick batter,) with his fingers, according to the custom of the Sandwich Islands.

The apartment in which the lovers now found themselves was separated from another by a curtain of calico cloth, hung loosely. Behind this curtain the musical voice of a girl, singing, was distinctly heard.

"I am your boy," said Howard, giving the Kanaka girl a smile, "and this is the charge for you to buy ribbons or hats for your daughters."

"Only one daughter," answered the old man, "and she very bad girl. No do as I want."

"What do you want her to do?"

"Get married; but she say 'no—no.'"

Howard amused Ruth for a quarter of an hour by drawing the Kanaka into conversation. Then he stepped out of the hut, passing round to the other side, to see if the rain had ceased. She waited several minutes, when, surprised by his protracted absence, she left the hut to find him.

At first she did not see him; but, on glancing round the angle of the hut, she beheld a sight that made every vein throb, and sent the blood rushing to her heart like an avalanche.

There stood her lover, with his back turned toward her, in company with the old man's son Kanaka girl, who had twice before excited Ruth's jealousy.

The girl's name was Anna—her neck—her arm was pressed against her breast; and she, with hand resting on his shoulder, was looking down upon him, while he endeavored to comfort her. Ruth, though she had a moment for surprise, met the girl's look above her heart, which felt as if ready to burst. Her hand fell, and the sword in its scabbard was drawn, and dropped to the ground—as if the hand itself was dead. Of her lover, the man whom she was to wed in a few days, she did not say him a word there and then. Soon pale came her face, and her countenance for a moment evermore being pale, strengthened her nature. She clinched her little fist, her eyes blazed fire, and she stamped the ground angrily with her right foot—those boots which she had put on because Frank La Lancer praised them.

"Good-by, Frank—good-by; all is over, over, over now! You have disgraced yourself and me!" she said to her self, as she hurried along toward the town. Now the last tear stream-  
ed from her eyes; she broke down, and sank upon a rock, when again pride came and helped her.

Up started, with flitting eyes, an old harridan, holding a  
bag of tallow, so she packed the cottage. As she did so,  
a vision of her uncle, who was just emerging from a boat  
at the end of the hall, she hurried up to her apartment, and  
there by turns encouraged woman's never-failing companion  
in love-troubles—, riot, pride, and indolence.

Soon there was a knock at the door. "Ah," she thought,  
"he has come to find out why I left him as I did." She was  
mistaken; the house-keeper came, stating that it was Ruth's  
father who was below.

"He must not know of what has taken place," she muttered. "He would quarrel with Frank if he knew; and there  
shall be no such quarrel!"

"I have just received a letter from the *Judge's* office,"  
said Wandel, when Ruth descended to greet him. "He is  
now at San Carlos, Calico Island, and he wishes me to come  
right on and see him, on business relating to my case. Now  
there is a brig here to sail for Valparaiso to-morrow morning.  
If I miss this chance, I shall have to wait a week for the  
next one, so I must go. The *Judge*, in charge of my case  
here, will follow me as soon as she can get ready, and you  
and Frank will take care of all the rest. You will find  
me waiting for you at San Carlos."

So saying, he quitted the cottage, and went back to his  
old apartment. She was not long in following him, for Frank's familiar step on the stairs below. The old woman  
had kept her secret to herself, but now she could not help  
to do so. She took a slip of paper from her pocket, and wrote these words:

"All is over between us. I will not accept dad's love.  
You need not attempt any explanation; I am a fool, and I will  
know with my own eyes. Go and take your daughter, I find  
girl, and leave" RUTH.

The old woman took this note to Frank. As he read, his  
cheek flushed. Now he understood why the young girl

had quitted the hut and gone off without him. He took out his pencil, and wrote on the back of the slip of paper:

"DEAR LITTLE GIRL—How strangely you have been deceived. Come to me and I will explain. Upon my word you, and I, and you, are the only one I have ever loved."

The woman took this note up to Ruth, who read the words with tearful eyes, and wrote, in answer:

"It is useless; no explanation can palliate such conduct as I witnessed. Go; I free you from our engagement."

He read this with pale cheek and compressed lip. Then he turned and quitted the cottage.

When Guy Wandal arrived, Ruth looked perfectly composed.

"Unh," she said, after supper, "some months ago, you told me a visit to Owyhee, to show me the spot where Captain Clark was killed. I should like to go there now. I should also like to visit some of the other islands."

"I shall have a week's leisure," was the reply, "and would certainly enjoy such a tour with you. Frank is to be of the party, of course," he added.

"No; he is not to go with us."

"Oh," said Guy, "I suppose he is busy aboard the schooner. Well, I am ready to start whenever you are. There's a little sloop near the landing which can be hired at any time for the trip."

"I should like to go to-morrow, after papa leaves us. I suppose you have heard—"

"Oh, yes. I met him, and he told me he should start in the morning."

Soon after, Ruth quitted the room, and Guy did not seek her out until her father arrived next morning, to bid her fare-well. An hour later, the two bade the brig, containing the Captain, leaving the harbor with the land-breeze.

"Well, Ruth," said Guy, when the vessel was out of sight, "are you ready to start for the trip?"

"I am; let us hurry!"

The Kauka schooner, but ten minutes' walk from Guy's residence, he and his niece were soon aboard. While the crew were getting up the anchor, Ruth saw Frank enter the carriage.

"Please tell Ruth that I should like to see her," said the young man to the housekeeper.

He was soon informed that Guy and the girl were gone for eight days to visit the islands.

"Gone!" cried Frank, in a tone of such dejection that the old Kamaka woman pitied him. "Gone, you say?"

She pointed through the window toward the schooner.

"Yes, aboard schooner; vessel sailing now."

The young man turned sadly away.

When the eight days were passed, the schooner returned to the harbor.

Frank was on the landing when Ruth and Guy stepped ashore. She looked pale and worn, but when she saw him her cheek reddened, and her eyes were cast down.

"Ruth," he said, and held out his hand.

She would not take it. Her eyes were full of tears, and she pretended she did not see him.

Guy saw at once that there had been trouble, and, with the delicacy natural to him, concluded that the lovers would like to be left alone. Away he went, posting off toward the cottage at a great rate.

"Ruth," continued Frank, walking by her side, "you have wronged me. I have done no harm."

"You deceived me," she answered. "I saw it all."

"What did you see? I will tell you. You saw that girl with her arms around my neck and my arm around—"

"Enough," interrupted Ruth. "I saw it, and you admit it."

"Yes, but—"

"There can be nothing more between us," she said, firmly and spiritedly. "I will not hear another word! Go, and—and—leave me for ever. I will not see you again."

So saying, she broke from him and hurried to her uncle's side. Frank stood watching them enter the cottage, his arms folded over his breast, and deep sorrow expressed in every feature.

"She should have heard me through," he muttered, as he turned away. Then it occurred to him that Ruth had the fault of some of her sex; that she was too quick to come to conclusions.

He went aboard the *Texel*, and wrote a long letter addressed to her.

"There," he said to himself, after he had sealed it, and dispatched Kanaka Jim with it. "That shall decide my fate. That in all, I think, is satisfactorily explained. If she should believe me, she will meet me to-night and say so, as I requested her to do, at the gate leading into the cottage grounds. If she should not believe me, then, indeed, all is over between us. Much as I love her, I would die rather than try to force myself upon her, after she should show that she *doubted my word*."

Kanaka Jim soon arrived at the cottage, and gave the letter to the housekeeper, informing her that it was for Ruth. The old woman was in the garden, about drawing water from the well. She therefore thrust the package into the bosom of her dress. As she stooped over the well, the letter, unseen by her—for she was half blind—slipped from her dress and fell. She missed it after she had entered the house, and returned to the garden to search for it, first peering into the well. There she could see no sign of the letter, so she proceeded to examine the grounds. Not finding what she looked for, she concluded that it would never be seen again. She feared that Guy would dismiss her from her situation if he heard of her carelessness, and therefore decided not to say a word about the matter.

Frank posted himself at the gate in the night, his heart beating with mingled hope and anxious suspense. There was just moon enough to throw a dim, silvery light over every exposed object; and the lieutenant watched the cottage with wistful eyes. He waited patiently, but in vain; Ruth did not come.

## CHAPTER VII.

## OUTWARD BOUND.

EARLY on the following morning, while the schooner's crew were getting up the anchors, Howard came alongside in a shore-boat. He ascended the gangway without difficulty.

Lord Cochrane, walking the quarter-deck, could not hide his surprise at the haggard appearance of his lieutenant.

"Been up all night, eh?" he said, a little roughly.

"I have been up all night," answered Howard, gloomily.

"Come below—come below. We have all been waiting for you to come and take leave of us. You'll find something in the cabin to stir you up, after your walk-fumes."

Howard followed his commander into the state-room, in which was a table containing some bottles of rare old wine, and many glasses.

The second lieutenant, the sailing-master, the doctor and a midshipman rose on the entrance of the two and saluted.

"Gentlemen," said Cochrane, "on the present occasion you will oblige me by dispensing all formality. I have sent for you to have a 'sociable time.' Our estimable first lieutenant is about to leave us, and we are to wish him all manner of success."

Howard said not a word, but he tried to smile. They were anxious to have a pleasant time, and he would wait until they had enjoyed themselves to their satisfaction, before troubling them with the announcement that he intended to remain.

"May the knell and the saddle never be sounded," said the doctor.

"I do not wish to trouble you," said the sailing-master, "but I pray you that it may never be said upon land by you."

"God help him if it should be," cried in the sailing-master.

The midshipman did not say any thing. He was a silent man.

pursy young fellow, whose face reminded his shipmates of plum-pudding. He just leaned against the table and roared with laughter, until he shook like a vessel coming suddenly up into the wind. He always made a point of laughing at every thing in the shape of a joke, whether it was deserving of laughter or not.

He tried to appear to seem cheerful, but in vain; the  
pallid and ghastly of his face were remarked by all pres-  
ent.

Finally, while the wine was circulating quite freely, Cochrane proposed a toast.

He made an almost imperceptible sign to the steward, who, in his turn, made a motion to some person or persons without. The next moment, pouring into the cabin, came a dozen sailors, nearly all of them headed by a junior midshipman. They consisted of an old she-t-anchor-man, the boatswain, the boatswain's mate, the ship's corporal, the captains of the fore and main-tops, and other petty officers.

Instantly the steward, filling thirteen glasses, passed them round to the new-comers, who had been ranged in line to leeward, facing the table around which their superiors in rank were gathered.

"Drink—drink to Lieutenant Howard and his bride!" cried Cochrane.

Now the cheers were almost deafening, and as the crowd chanted, every eye was turned upon Howard, who stood with one arm crossed over his breast, his head bowed, his brows knit, his chin thrust away from his lips.

He had a hard time with all aboard the schooner, especially with the old black man and the grim, gray-faced woman, both of whom had been by him recommended for baptism. The old man, earnest gloomily, wrote his name on the board; but said that he did not know his name, and could not be sure of it. The woman, who had been his mother, and had never seen him since he was a boy, said,

and in the glass called, like Wood's other glass, and the  
water drunk by all except Howard himself.

"I'll go and drink again!" said Mr. Cochrane, who was by this time considerably warmed by the wine he had taken. "Drink

to the lieutenant, and may his children be as many and as stout as the blows he has struck in the cause of his king!"

"Ho-ho-ho! ha-ha-ha!" roared the fat midshipman, while the boatswain and the sheet-anchor-man, and the merry captains of the tops, exchanged glances and rolled their "quids" delightedly.

"Ay, ay, my lads," continued Cochrane, turning to him an unbidden tear, "we can drink merrily to the success of him and his bride, even while we sorrow over the loss of him and his sword."

"Such sorrow may never be," answered Howard, gravely. Suddenly, unsheathing his sword, and flinging it at the feet of his old commander, he said, "I shall draw that sword in the service of my king while I am able to draw breath."

By the air—the manner in which these words were uttered, every person present knew that Howard intended to remain with them.

Cochrane looked round him, waved his hand significantly, and in a moment the cabin was deserted by all save himself and the first lieutenant. Frank, believing that his captain was the best friend he had in the world, explained everything to him.

"Women are a mystery," said Cochrane, when he had concluded. "But, cheer up; you'll soon forget her in the active service before us."

Soon after the schooner was a-weigh, gliding out of the harbor before a ten-knot breeze. As the flag was hoisted to her gall, and a parting salute fired, Howard came on deck, and, as usual, walked by the captain's side. Ere long the second lieutenant came up and touched his cap.

"Word has come from forward, sir, that the men will like permission to cheer the first lieutenant, on account of his resolve to stay aboard."

"All right, sir; they have my permission," answered Cochrane.

Accordingly the men, gathered and立, gave three hearty cheers; and, as Howard glared round the group of stout fellows, and snuffed the exhilarating breeze, a smiling like the old glow and flash came back to eye and cheek.

Meanwhile the broad sails swelled, the yard is creaked, the

schooner rolled and boomed along through the roaring spray, and before night she was far at sea.

Ten days out a small Spanish gun-brig—the *St. Mary*—was captured after a brief combat. Howard, with a picked crew, was put in command. His orders were to run down to Valparaiso for a stock of provisions, and thence to San Carlos, cruising on the way. At San Carlos he was to await the arrival of Cradane with further orders.

Accordingly, under a cloud of canvas, he was soon on his way. In good time he reached Valparaiso, where he found Wanlel, who insisted on taking passage in his vessel for San Carlos. The whaler, astonished at seeing him, soon elicited explanations. With these he seemed perfectly satisfied, while he wondered at what he termed Ruth's obstinacy.

"I believe jealousy always was her great fault. I always thought she was too apt to feel jealous of any person she liked."

In a few days the brig had all the necessary provisions stored, and went bowling merrily out of the harbor.

Wanlel, standing on the quarter-deck, looked round him with admiration at the white, washed decks, the well arranged guns, raking masts and neatly-fitting yards and sails.

While glancing at the guns on the starboard side, however, his keen eye detected what had already been observed by the young captain, viz., that the deck-plank to which the ring-belts for the lashings of the guns, were attached, was cracked in several places. This marred the appearance of the rest of the deck, which was as smooth as a marble floor. There was no help for it, however, as there was not a foot of spare timber in the hold.

One morning, three days out, all hands were electrified by the cry of "Sail, O!r" shouted by a swarthy Chilean at the fore-topmast head.

Both Wanlel and the young captain darted aloft into the fore-top, having ascertained that the vessel bore about three points off the lee bow. Howard soon concluded she was an enemy.

"Ay, ay, now; but a r'el beauty, that!" ejaculated the whalerman.

"I differ with you," replied Frank.

"Stop that blowing, you fat rascal," said the whaleman clinching his fists.

"Sir?" cried Howard, in amazement.

"There she breaches! There go flukes!" screamed Foul-weather. "A parfæt oil-butt of sperm."

About two points off the lee bow, Frank now saw the large flukes of a sperm-whale, as the animal sounded. It was at this creature that the observations of the giant had been directed.

Howard descended and ordered the decks cleared for action. The Spaniard showed no disposition to fly, but tacking, steered along, close-hauled, to obtain the weather-gauge. Howard saw the movement, and had his yards braced up sharp. At the same moment a forked, spiteful flash, and puff of smoke, were seen darting from the Spaniard's side, a gun boomed, and the colors were at her gaff.

Howard said something to the lieutenant, and soon up went the cross of St. George.

"I prefer the stars and stripes," said Wandel.

"Certainly—every man for his own," answered Howard, smiling. "And now, sir, you had better go below."

The round eyes glared.

"I rather think I'll stay on deck and see the fun."

"You should remember that you have a daughter."

"Ay, ay; and there's my sperm oil, worth seventy-five cents a gallon. What would become of that?"

"That's true. You perceive you had better go below for a short time."

"I'm too big to be shoved into a rat-hole, I guess; and what's more, I ain't to be humbugged, Captain Howard."

Boom! Chipper—chipper—chipper!—chip! chip! chip came a ten-pound shot from the Spaniard.

Both vessels now were less than a league from each other, and Howard deemed it time to pipe to quarters.

Another of the Spaniard's guns thundered, and, with a buzz, a nine-pound shot grazed the main-topsail sheet, making every thing rattle.

Wandel, seizing an enormous hand-spike, seated himself on the poop railing, to windward.

Whan-an-ang! Burr-r-r-r-r-r-r!—choop!

Another shot struck the *St. Mary's* rail, within a foot of the giant, sending the splinters all around him.

Up started old Foul-weather, at the same moment beating the deck with the hand-spike, in his excitement, while he screamed at the top of his voice, pointing with his disengaged hand toward the sperm-whale, which had again come up:

“There *blows!* *blows!* *BLOWS!*—*there blow-ow-ow!* Right abreast here, Captain Howard! A perfect oil-skin, going, eyes out, to windward!”

Another shot from the Spaniard.

Boooy! Whizz-z-z-z! Racker-racker-racker-rack-rack! Old Foul-weather sprung about five feet into the air.

“There she white-waters! There she breaches! There go flukes!”

Brag! burr-r-r-r-r! hoo-o-o-o! chip-chup-er-choop—crash!

Down came the weather-main-topmast studding-sail boom, split open by another shot!

The two vessels now were less than half a league from each other, Howard keeping straight on so as to prevent the Spaniard's crossing his fore-foot, and getting to windward of him. Sadly, round came the enemy, to obtain a raking position.

“We'll spoil that!” said Howard. “Hard-a-starboard, quartermaster!”

“Hard-a-starboard it is, sir!” drawled the old quartermaster, his eyes shining like beetles.

“Stand by with the larboard guns! That's it, quartermaster,” as the yards came round. “Steady as you are! Now then, lads, let the Dons have it—FIRE!”

The whole broadside thundered, and the shot made mad music along the Spaniard's decks and in his rigging. His fore-yard came down by the run; his jib-boom was shattered to splinters; his wounded and dying shrieked and groaned.

As the smoke cleared, the Spanish vessel was seen looming up within a ship's length of the other craft, her shattered bowsprit, her knightheads and her fore-rigging alive with her dusky crew, who, with red caps pushed back from their fore-heads and sleeves rolled up, were armed to the teeth, prepared for boarding.

Brag! crack-crack crack—rattle-rattle—burr-r-r—whizz-z-z

—ker-choop—er-rip-rip-rip—skip-skip—boong—bang—snap—crack-er-r-r—CRASH!

Now one simultaneous scream burst from the red-capped Spaniards in the fore-rigging, as their fore- topsail yard, with the sail attached, came down rattling and swinging about their heads. Their foremast was tottering, the shrouds all some of the spars having been partially shot away; and they were eager to leave their perilous quarters and face their wretched enemies, who had already mowed down such of their (the Spaniards') shipmates, as had boarded by way of the bowsprit.

But while the rest waited, a huge form suddenly pounced upon their rail—through the smoke a white face and the gleam of an ax were seen for a moment—the next, the huge fore-mast, with top-hamper and all, snapping, cracking and crashing, went over the side, carrying with it about eighty dusky occupants!

Foul-weather Jack, who had accomplished this feat with a few blows of his ax upon the already half-parted shrouds, now remarking that he guessed there was an end of the boarding, sprung back to the *St. Mary*.

"Stand by the starboard guns!" shouted Howard. "Mind your 'lf at that wheel, quartermaster! Now then—FIRE!"

Down went the brig almost on her beam-ends, as if rent by a hundred thunder-bolts, while sheets of living flame poured from her side.

The Spaniard's weather bulwarks, his wheel-house, his forecastle deck and his cabin flew into splinters, and many of his men went down head foremost, bleeding and dying over their guns.

For a quarter of an hour longer the two vessels thundered and flashed, hurling the death-shots as thick as rain; when the Spaniard suddenly put up his helm, and, cutting all the sail he could carry, darted off before the wind.

With only the stumps of his fore-topmast and mizzen-mast standing, Howard rigged jury-masts and gave chase; but by this time his enemy was almost half down to leeward.

This day and a part of the next he confined the chase, gradually gaining on the Spaniard. Long before night on the second day, however, the wind died away with a suddenness

that surprised all on board. Not a ripple stirred the sea—the water was as smooth as a mirror.

Wendell, pacing the quarter-deck with the captain, directed his attention to the sky and to the sun, which were tinged with a strange copper-colored hue. The barometer, meanwhile, was falling with alarming rapidity.

Howard at once gave orders for striking jury-masts and yards, and for furling and reefing, so that the *St. Mary* soon was under close-reefed main-topsail and topmast-staysail. As by magic, thick clouds of a yellowish hue now appeared, stretching far along the sky, careering, revolving and rolling, as if driven by some furious tempest. A hollow, rumbling noise, like the muffled rolling of a drum, seemed to rise from the depths of the sea. Meanwhile the sun, growing more lurid every moment, resembled a red-hot shield, turning round and round upon a pivot. Great patches of foam made their appearance to windward, while the rushing together and hissing of the water there were distinctly heard, making a noise like the roaring of a mighty cataract.

"What do you think of it?" the young captain inquired of Foul-weather Jack.

"Half typhoon, half white-squall, and I guess we'll catch it bad."

Gray, the first lieutenant, was of the same opinion. He had scarcely spoken when one of the yellowish clouds, devouring itself, was whirled downward like a shot. A noise like the roar of a cannon was heard, and an electric ball of fire, darting from the vapory mass, circulated with a snapping, crackling sound all around the brig, so that for several moments she looked as if girt by a streak of flame. As it passed away with the noise of a bursting bomb-shell, the yellow head of the squall was seen rushing down upon the craft from starboard. The hissing and continuous roaring of the water grew louder every moment.

"Here it comes!" shouted Howard. "Mind yourself at that wheel, quartermaster!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" hollered the old seaman, squinting off the quarter.

Those were the last words he ever uttered. With the dip of a rushing avalanche, the squall struck the brig, screaming,

howling and whistling through her rigging. Down she went upon her beam-ends, with every thing creaking, snapping and rattling. The wheel, suddenly jerked from the hand of the helmsman, caught in the quartermaster's jacket and whirled him overboard like a shot. The poor old fellow said nothing. He was an indifferent swimmer, and his gray hair was only seen for an instant, streaming on the water like knotted ropes; the next moment he sunk to rise no more. Now the vessel fairly seemed to fly, boomerang along, shrouded in a yellowish rack, while sheets of spray swept from the tingling, lashed waters, up to her very trucks.

A continuous humming, boomerang noise roared in the ears of the crew, almost drowning the voices of the officers, issuing their orders. Meanwhile, round and round the masts, bending like willow sticks, the descending vapors seemed to revolve. There was, at present, no perceptible sea (no waves) the wind being too furious for that; still the vessel's hull was half buried in the foam as if a load of lead were pressing her down, while the water came bubbling and boiling over both rails. A skillful steersman had taken the quartermaster's place, and another assisted him, so that there now were three men at the wheel. By their united efforts they could scarcely hold the helm; this, with the timbers, the spars and the rigging, groaning and straining, seemed almost ready to fly under. Soon there was a noise like the bursting of a hundred harp strings, and down went the sunken main-topmast deck-stay, with the main-topmast shrouds, whipping about like black snakes. A moment the topmast tenoned, then, with the crash of thunder, over it went, almost dragging the lug under with its weight.

Men with axes soon cleared away the incumbrance, and the vessel boomed upon her way, a mere wreck, with her ragged stump of a mainmast gleaming through the storm-wind.

Grim and white, drenched with the spray, Ward stood like a large, snow-capped mountain upon the quarter-deck. His light-colored sou'-wester pulled over his brow, soaked and dripping, his eyes gleaming sideways from beneath the battered rim. Howard was by his side, trumpet in hand, ready to issue any necessary order, and not far from the two stood the plum-pudding lieutenant, laughing slyly at the old gunner,

tending their favorite pieces with the solicitude of kind fathers watching over their children.

Soon, from all those men there rose a cry of dismay—an appalling catastrophe seemed about to take place—one which, if not prevented, must seal the doom of the brig, and of all aboard.

Elsewhere mention has been made of the cracked deck plank to which the starboard guns—seven in number—were lashed. Now this plank had become cracked, bruised and battered still more during the engagement, so much so that it was loosened, and the gunners had passed extra lashings around their pieces to prevent their giving way in case the board should part from its fastenings. The extra lashings had been secured to the plankshier and other parts of the bulwarks; but the maimmet, unfortunately, when it went over, had stoven a portion of the rail, already much injured by the shots of the enemy. Subsequently, the tempest-driven waters, pattering against and over the rail, had beaten down the remainder of the woodwork, so that the guns now had no support save that afforded by the loose plank. While the gunners were endeavoring to devise some plan for the better security of their pieces, a cracking, tearing sound was heard, as the board was torn from its fastenings by the strain upon it—by the tendency of the guns to slide down the inclined deck to leeward. On this occasion the brig's larboard side was to leeward, and it was nearly immersed, the vessel lying, as it had already mentioned, almost upon her beam-ends. Now, then, should the seven guns slide to leeward, the pressure in that quarter would be sufficient to capsize the brig immediately.

"Hold firm, lads!" screamed Howard, through his trumpet, as the seamen, knucking to keep their positions on the slippery, half-dead, strayed to hold the heavy masses of iron. Then he sprung to the wheel.

"Up helm!—HARD!—HARD! for your lives!"

With a snap—bang—boom! ker-slap! whish-sh-sh! came a sea, sweeping the deck fore and aft as the brig fell off, carrying away a portion of the poop railing, almost unrooing the cabin, and lifting the helmsmen from their feet. They clung to the spokes, however, hard as the white spray-cloud, shreuding

the decks like thick smoke, cleared a little, they saw the scamen still straining every muscle to prevent their pieces from sliding.

The eyes of the poor fellows seemed almost starting from their sockets, and the veins upon their necks and foreheads were swollen like purple ribs; they gasped for breath, and barely declared that they could not hold on much longer. The brig having been kept off, would right occasionally, but not long enough to afford the sailors much relief, while every time the craft rolled she buried her lee rail with a violent, jerking motion that the struggling men could scarcely withstand.

Meanwhile ropes had been passed round the muzzles and carriages of the guns, and some of the men were endeavoring to secure them to the mainmast, when the strands parted with the tremendous strain upon them, and one of the flying ribs struck Captain Howard on the temple with such force as to knock him senseless. As he was being carried into the cabin the lieutenant picked up the trumpet to assume the command.

"Look out there!" howled Wandel, who was assisting the men at the wheel. "Look out for that spar!"

**The warning was too late.**

Whirr-r-r-r! ker-clunk-bang! came the spanker boom, snapping the sheet and swinging to leeward.

It struck the lieutenant on the head. Down he went, like a log, and was also carried into the cabin.

The second lieutenant and a junior midshipman had been badly wounded during the engagement with the Spanish, so that, at the moment of her greatest need, the brig seemed deprived of a commander.

All hands, even while they struggled to hold the guns, gazed out their dismay at this state of affairs. Who would take the command?

Whizz-z-z! buzz-z-z! cr-rack! creak! whish-sh-sh! ke-king! snap-snap! clatter-clatter-clatter! skip-slap-slap! kish-kish—scrap!

The wind, the sea, the sweeping spray, and the torn sail, one clew of which had broken loose, were making a fury of din all over the brig. Away swept her jib and fly-jib-booms.

while a thunder-bolt seemed splitting her timbers fore and aft. Down she went, burying half of her hull; then up again, tearing the spray from her as a mad horse tosses his mane! Up and down—down and up! Scud, rack, mist and whirling spray! Rolling, pitching, bounding, leaping, tearing, bounding, thunders along! Gods what a storm, and how the old dog flew! Away she flew until, howling wolf-like, a sudden counterblast, pouncing upon her, down she plunged into the trough of a sea, as into a whirlpool, and there she lay rolling, wallowing, groaning, moaning and cracking, as if her poor ribs were breaking, and she would never again get up!

Now a hoarse shriek of despair was heard from those poor fellows at the guns; their strength was gone—they could not hold on a second longer! Moreover there was a huge black wall of water to windward, bearing down upon them, crashing, swashing and roaring like a thousand cataracts, to engulf them all!

But while the impetuous crew seemed on the very verge of despair; while scud, rack and mist shrouded the struggling boat and almost blotted them, something huge and white was seen leaping up through the sweeping, rushing haze! It was Old Weather Jack, who, now essaying to take command of the boat, sprung, trumpet in hand, upon the capstan, and suspending himself by a dangling rope, glowered askance at the men from under the battered rim of his dripping sou'wester, while his electric voice tore through the storm-din like the crack of a dozen rifles:

"Up ho! A—pull on the weather fore-brace! Hard—a—sudden—hard! HARD! Port and meet her! That's le—ready—as you—are; steady, steady! Now then, down—down—hard down for your lives!"

As the vessel swerved off, the wind, catching in the loose end of the foreail, had lifted her out of the trough, and sent her sailing far ahead in an upright position; but as there was danger of her being "caught by the stern" by the black wall of water ahead, Wimble, as shown, had ordered the men to luff.

Now, as the craft again went down, almost on her beam-ends, the whale-men sprung among the men at the guns, who had been allowed a brief resting-spell, by the righting of the

brig, and with his own tremendous strength helped them hold the masses of iron.

"Hard! hold hard! A moment longer, and away goes the squall alee!"

With the din of a thunderbolt, the expected sea low came crashing and booming over the brig! Over she went with a cracking sound; then righted and lay nearly motionless, with the sun shining upon her from a cloudless sky. The baffled squall was flying, trailing along—screaming, howling, rattling, humming far away to leeward!

The brig's carpenter would have a busy time repairing damages. He commenced forming, with a large piece of oak timber, picked up from the floating *dérivis* the Spaniard had left behind him after the engagement, a good, stout deck-plank for the loosened guns, in place of the one which had been torn up. While he was thus employed, Captain Howard made his appearance, followed by the "plum-pudding" Lieutenant, who laughed heartily at the remembrance of what had happened to him, and rubbed his head.

The captain shook Wandel cordially by the hand; his steward had told him every thing just after he (Frank) was restored to his senses.

Still bent upon securing his prize, he seized his glass and soon discovered the Spaniard lying becalmed far away off the lee beam, out of range of the squall.

Instantly he gave orders to hoist out the boats and get ready the sweeps.

"We must board and get possession of the Spaniard," he said to his lieutenant.

Accordingly, three boats were lowered, and pulled for the Spanish vessel. They got separated, however, owing to one of those sudden squalls common in this region; and the one commanded by Howard, in which Wandel also occupied a place, was suddenly attacked and captured, after a desperate resistance, by three boats from the enemy.

The prisoners were eventually taken to Aracó, a Cuban fort then in the possession of the Spaniards.

Howard, with handcuffs upon his wrists, and heavy chains on his legs, was confined in a gloomy cell, to await his doom. He was informed that Benevedelis had quite a number of

prisoners on hand, and would soon commence "shooting them off."

Wandel was set at liberty, his speech proving him to be an American, and his dress that he was simply a passenger aboard the *St. Mary*.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE LETTER.

A FEW days after the departure of the sloop-of-war *Terol* from Honolulu, Guy Wandel luckily found Howard's letter, and gave it to his niece. In this communication every thing was satisfactorily explained, and Ruth fairly wrung her hands with anguish as she thought how she had served her lover.

Kanaka Jim, it seems, had unintentionally caused the whole trouble. Frank had promised to see the (Wyheenie) Kanaka girl, whom Jim wished to marry, and endeavor to persuade her to accept him. Now it seemed that the handsome island girl, who passed Frank and Ruth twice, on the morning of their walk, was the maiden alluded to. Howard recognized her from having seen her likeness; and when he met her in the hut in which he and his betrothed had taken shelter from the rain, he at once spoke to her of Jim's attempt at suicide in her account, and otherwise endeavored to enlist her sympathies in his behalf. He was successful, and she, with the demonstrativeness of her race, threw her arms around the young man's neck and commenced sobbing out her pity for Jim on the lieutenant's shoulder.

Although this was natural enough for the untutored islander, yet Frank at once endeavored to loosen her clasp, and to do this, put his arm around her waist, striving to force her back. It was while the two were in this position that Ruth saw them, and with quick jealousy at once formed her erroneous conclusion.

Where was he now—poor Frank? Far away at sea, she thought, perhaps at this moment battling with his enemies, and brooding on his woes even while he fought! Perhaps

she would never see him again, and Ruth's conscience gave her no peace as she thought how she had misjudged the only man she ever loved, and who probably was lost to her for ever!

Her sorrow, day after day, made her look paler and thinner—robbed her cheek of its healthy glow—changed her appearance so much, in fact, that Guy Wandel was fairly startled.

Finally the time came when she was to bid adieu to her uncle, and sail in her father's ship for San Carlos. The missionary was much affected at parting with her, and as he marked her pale cheek and downcast air, he almost feared that he would never see her again.

The *Japan* left Honolulu with a fair wind, and in due time arrived at San Carlos.

The moment the anchor was down, a boat was seen putting off from the shore; and very soon Ruth was in Wandel's arms.

He at once understood the anxious, questioning glance which she fixed upon his face.

It said, as plainly as words, "Have you heard of him?"

"Come into the cabin," said he, "and I will tell you all."

She entered the state-room with him, and he related the story of storm and combat already detailed.

"Yes," said he, in conclusion, "the Dons have imprisoned Frank, and I guess it will go hard with him, if—but no, he can not have been executed yet! When I left the place, which I soon had an opportunity of doing, I made my way to Concepcion, and thence took passage in a *Chilian* sloop, bound to this port. The captain told me that he was afraid Howard would be shot with the other prisoners, as Benevello was a cruel rascal, without a grain of kindly feeling."

"Oh, papa!" and Ruth tottered, as if about to swoon.

Then she clasped her hands tightly, and compressed her lips.

"He must be saved!" she said, slowly and solemnly.

"We have no guns. The sloop-of-war alone can rescue him, if he be not already—"

He paused at sight of the fearful agony expressed in his daughter's face.

"He is not dead yet! No—oh, no, do not say that!" moaned Ruth, wringing her hands.

"Well, well, now tell me what you want me to do?" said the captain, thoroughly anxious for the happiness of his daughter.

"To go where he is," she said, "and then I—I will see D'Arvel is myself. If am I persuade him to give up Frank?"

The captain shook his head.

"However," said he, "I will go to satisfy you."

So he weighed anchor that very day, and went out of the harbor. Three days later he was anchored off Aranco.

Far away a sail was soon after sighted, standing along toward the south. Wandel, with a good glass, saw peculiarities about her which at once convinced him that she was the *Tarot* sleep of war. He made signals, when the vessel tacked and steered toward him. A calm, however, soon settling upon the sea, turned Wandel's attention shoreward.

Not far from the fort a large tent had been erected, crowned with many bright, waving flags. A boatman who came aboard the ship, informed the skipper that it was a circus, and that a bull-fight was to take place there, in a few days.

The captain lowered his boat, and was soon alongside the landing with his daughter. A sentinel, who could speak but little English, was there stationed. He called the corporal of the guard, who was able to understand Wandel.

"No," he said; "general not *any body* see now!"

"I *must* see him!" cried Ruth.

The corporal smiled and shook his head.

"Is there no way that we can see him?" queried the captain. "Come, I guess you can think of some way."

At first the soldier said "No," pointedly; then an idea seemed to occur to him. He said that he was quite certain the general would not see either the captain or the young lady, under any circumstances; but that if they could send the message by a boy, the lad might gain access to him, especially if he brought a present of some kind of fruit, as the general was very fond of fruit.

"Well now, see here, does he like sparín oil?" inquired Wandel. "I can send him a can of that!"

Just then a square-shouldered, swallow-faced, stern-looking man, apparently of middle age, was seen approaching, followed by a slender youth, carrying a large account-book.

"Here's General Benevedeis and his secretary now," said the corporal.

After the sentry had saluted, Wandel stepped forward with his daughter, who at once explained her errand. As she did so, he frowned, glaring angrily at the captain, until the young girl gently motioned her father aside.

With her eyes burning, her hands clasped, her whole frame trembling with excitement, she besought the Spaniard to spare the prisoner's life.

Benevedeis, unmoved, coolly replied :

"I seldom give up my prisoners, even in exchange. Besides, I am not sure that this Captain Howard has not already been shot."

Ruth staggered back; Wandel's round eyes blazed with wrath.

"You ras—," he began, when his daughter checked him with a look.

"I have so many affairs of the kind on hand," continued Benevedeis, "that I am not sure. See if Captain Howard has been shot," he added, carelessly, turning to the secretary.

The leaves of the account-book rustled a moment; then came the secretary's shrill voice :

"He *has* been shot!"

Ruth uttered a short, sharp cry of agony; when the secretary added :

"No; I have made a mistake. Captain Howard was *sentence*d to be shot, three days ago; but as we had not quite got rid of some of the others, his execution was put off for a few days. He will be shot day after to-morrow."

"Oh, my God! is there no way I can save him?" cried Ruth. "I *will* save him!—I *must*!"

"You would be willing to die for him, I suppose," said the Spaniard, sarcastically.

Wandel doubled up his fists, but again his daughter gave him a deprecating glance.

"Show me *how* I can save him in that way, and you shall see, Sir Spaniard, that I am an American girl!"

She drew herself up, looking him steadily in the face. His eyes were downcast; but he soon recovered from his confusion.

At the same moment a furious bellowing was heard in the direction of the stone building; a pair of spotted bulls were being driven with difficulty from the courtyard, through the principal gate.

"Would you be willing to fight one of them for the captain's sake?" inquired Benevedeis. "There is a chance for you to show the strength of your attachment."

Wandel fairly gnashed his teeth.

"Why, you pitiful—"

Ruth, with a deprecating glance, implored him to be silent.

"Yes," continued the general, "there is to be a regular Spanish bull-fight, to-morrow, for the entertainment of myself and officers; and also for that of such of the Chilians as choose to come. Now, by Santa Maria, it would be a novel sight to see a girl fighting a bull; and if you choose to do this—"

"I will, on one condition."

"Name it."

"That, in case I am defeated—killed by the bull—you will release Howard all the same as if I were the victor!"

"Now, upon my word, you are a brave girl!"

"Ay, ay, she's from Nantucket!" howled old Foul-weather. Then he confronted the Spaniard, his eyes flashing.

"Papa!" pleaded Ruth, "you must not oppose me in this matter!"

"I don't intend to," answered the captain. "Hark ye, Den," he added, seizing the general by the lappets of his cloak, "I shall just be on hand at this bull-fight, mind ye, to see that every thing is done fair and square, and that, when my Ruth whips the bull, you give up the captain to us."

"I shall do my part of the contract," answered the Spaniard. "The bull-fight is to take place to-morrow, and your daughter must be ready at ten o'clock."

So saying, the general bowed to Ruth and passed on.

A quarter of an hour later, Wandel and his daughter were back aboard the *Japan*.

## CHAPTER IX.

## CONCLUSION. .

LEAVING his daughter in the cabin, the skipper quickly ascended to the deck, spy-glass in hand, and scrutinized the sail, which was still far away in the offing.

The wind had died away, and the vessel lay becalmed almost two leagues from the coast.

"They're plenty of boats," muttered Wandel to himself, "so that they can come ashore in an hour. There'll be no bull-fighting, I guess, to please that rascally Don. I threw wool in his eyes, so that he hasn't any idea of what I'm to do. Cochrane, with his tars, will make music round his ears before morning, if my mate does his duty."

He quickly wrote a note, explaining what had happened, and gave it to his mate to carry to Cochrane.

The mate left, pulling with might and main, and his boat was soon hidden by a thick fog.

All night, chafing like a caged tiger, Wandel vainly waited for his return. He feared the first officer had lost himself in the fog.

Finally Ruth came up, and at sight of her the captain heaved a great sigh.

"It is time to go to the tent," she said.

A boat was lowered, and they were soon in the circus. Ruth was conducted to a pavilion at one side of the arena.

"You must sit with the audience," said the orderly, turning to Wandel, and Ruth persuaded him to comply.

The captain took a seat near the arena, commanding a good view of which wooden benches were so arranged as to rise one above the other, and accommodate several hundred spectators.

Benevedeis had dispatched horsemen through the country, proclaiming that a bull-fight was about to take place, and inviting the peaceably-inclined Chilians and their families to come and see the sport.

Therefore many of the farmers and others, with their wives and daughters, unable to resist the temptation of a genuine bull-fight, were already arrived and in their places. Many more kept pouring in, so that in a very short time the circus was densely crowded.

Distrustful of his enemies, almost every Chilian present carried a sharp knife, pistol, or dagger, concealed beneath his vest; while Benevedeis, in his turn, to guard against a surprise, had one of his best regiments under arms, within a bow-shot of the circus. With his officers, the general was seated upon a raised platform, commanding a view of every part of the amphitheater.

At precisely ten o'clock he rose and made a signal to a gorgeously-dressed Spaniard, who was stationed near the pavilion.

The man disappeared behind one of the canvas screens hung on the right-hand side of the circular space. A moment after, the blast of a trumpet was heard, when, armed with a spear, club, bow and arrows, and mounted upon a powerful-looking horse, a tall Araneanian Indian dashed like a shot to one extremity of the arena; then, wheeling suddenly, reined in his animal with unparalleled grace.

A loud cheer rang through the circus; the next moment there was a deep silence among the audience, as the largest of the bulls dashed into the center of the arena, from behind the screen, and commenced bellowing with the noise of thunder, while he pawed up the sand with his hoofs. Soon, fixing his glaring eyes upon the horseman, he dashed straight at him, when the wary Indian, wheeling quickly to one side, sent his spear quivering into the creature's body.

Bellowing thunder, the huge animal made another attack, when an arrow, whistling on its way, pierced his side.

Enraged beyond all bounds, fall at the horse he now dashed, quick as a lightning-bolt, and down went the poor steed, his side ripped open by the crooked horns. The Araneanian gallantly disengaged himself from the falling horse. Swift as one of his own arrows, he darted at the bull, before it could disengage its horns, and loosening his club, struck the creature down with a few powerful blows dealt between the eyes. The bull roared feebly; the horse neighed and struggled

—the next moment both were dead, when, amid thunders of applause, the Indian retired from the arena.

Shuddering, Ruth had listened to the noises of the combat. She was seated in her pavilion, endeavoring to nerve herself for the coming trial. She well knew that she could not stand long before her adversary; but, the thought of dying for Howard's sake gave her strength and courage.

Meanwhile, her mind was much troubled on her father's account. She feared he would make some disturbance which would seal her lover's fate.

The trumpet sounded a second time, and the girl heard the bellowing of the other bull—the one which she was to fight—as the animal was loosened into the arena. Soon, a Spaniard appeared and put into her hands a spear and a dagger. As she did not understand horsemanship, she was to fight the bull on foot.

"Keep up a brave heart," whispered the Spaniard, "and make a good fight. Come, it is time you were out!"

Ruth stepped forth, and was greeted with a murmur of surprise on the part of the Chilian audience, who had not expected to see a woman in the arena.

The bull fixed his red eyes upon her, tore up the ground with his hoofs, lashed his tail, and then, bellowing with the noise of thunder, dashed toward her, his sharp horns ready for the fatal blow.

At that instant there was another roar—a large figure bounded into the arena, swift as a thunder-bolt, and interposed between the bull and the girl!

It was Foul-weather Jack, who, now lifting a harpoon which he had carried concealed under his coat, with a blow of the well-sharpened steel, clove the brain of the mad bull in half. As the creature fell thumping upon its side, the captain shook his terrible weapon at Banevolio.

"By the soul of Nansen Starbuck! you dog and tyrant! for just one pint of sperm oil I'd serve you the same way!"

The Spanish commander, in a treacherous manner, drew a pistol and discharged it at the speaker; but the bullet struck in the body of the expiring bull.

Springing up, the general then called his guard, who soon rushed into the circus, but who, having mistaken orders

and supposing that the Chilians had raised the disturbance, poured a volley among the audience.

At this every man sprung to his feet. Knives and pistols were drawn, the soldiers were called, and a desperate combat ensued.

Wanlel, in the confusion, conveyed Ruth to a place of safety—a house a few hundred yards from the circus—the Spaniards returned to take part in the affray.

Overpowered by numbers, the Chilians, in spite of Wanlel's encouraging voice and behavior, had begun to disperse, when suddenly deafening cheers were heard outside of the circus, mingling with the heavy booming of guns, the screaming of shot and shell, the Spanish drum beating the long roll, and the ~~still~~ cry, "To Arms!"

Nearer and nearer came the tramp of feet; soon there was a wild hurrah! then, bursting into the circus, led by Lord Cochrane in person, came several hundred blue-jackets, armed to the teeth!

"Down—down with the Dons!" was the cry of the tars, as they dealt their blows right and left among the Spaniards.

"Work lively, lads!" cried Cochrane. "We must get back to our craft by the time the boatswain pipes to dinner!"

Meanwhile, musketry thundered, knives clashed, sabers clanged, shrieks and groans were heard, and smoke and flame filled the air. The English captain showered his blows with his usual vigor, cutting down his enemies right and left, while Foul-weather Jack kept his harpoon whizzing on its deadly way, having so arranged the weapon that it could be hauled back after each stroke.

Soon the Spaniards began to give ground, their commander having already made his escape. The sailors cheered, made another sally, and a minute later their enemies were flying toward the mountains, leaving Cochrane and his men masters of the fort and the prison.

"Ay, ay, now," said Wanlel, as he shook hands with the Englishman, "you certainly have done me a great service this time, for which I will send you two good barrels of my best *aparm oil*."

"We came very near not getting your message. Your

mate lost us in the fog, looked for us all night, and didn't get aboard until near daybreak."

Just as he spoke Ruth appeared.

"Where is he?—where is Frank?" she wildly asked, glancing round her.

"We haven't got him out yet," said Wandel; "but I guess we'd better do it at once."

Every cell in the old stone house was searched, from top to bottom; but, to their inexpressible dismay, the sailors could not find Howard.

Cochrane, much agitated, leaned upon his sword, while Ruth fell, almost fainting, into her father's arms.

"They—have—taken—him—away—and—killed--him?" she moaned.

At that instant a sailor rushed into the apartment, stating that a party of the enemy were visible in a small grove not far from the fort. They seemed to be occupied in securing a prisoner.

With a party of seamen, Wandel and Cochrane at once hurried toward the spot. As they approached it, the crack of the enemy's muskets was heard, and when the smoke cleared, it was discovered that they had dispersed. Soon the sailors reached the grove, to find Frank Howard lying prostrate and bleeding upon the ground!

"By George they have killed him!" cried Cochrane. "The scoundrels were determined not to be balked in this!"

In one sense he was mistaken. Frank was not dead, as was subsequently discovered, but was senseless from the blows which he had received from the soldiers, who, when aware that they should be defeated, had rudely and hastily dragged him from his prison, to shoot him. In their flurry at seeing Cochrane's men approach, they had not taken as good aim as usual, so that only two bullets out of five had taken effect, one lodging near the region of the hip, and the other in the shoulder.

The captain, before being carried to the stone house, recovered his senses. The doctor, having examined his wounds, stated that he would be convalescent in a few weeks, but advised that he should remain ashore for the present. He was made comfortable in the stone building, where the sight of

Ruth, and the happy explanation that ensued between them, operated favorably upon his health. The vision of Cochrane's pleasant face, and of some of his old favorite tars, also cheered him.

Only two of the seamen who had been captured with the young officer had been executed; the rest, now liberated from their cells, were among those from the schooner who came to see him.

In less than a month, carefully tended and watched over by the young girl, he was able to leave the house, and return to the Texel sloop-of-war, which by this time had arrived in the bay.

"My dear fellow," said Cochrane, grasping the young man's hand, "you have done your duty nobly."

"And am ready now to do it again, if you will give me another chance."

"Ay, ay, you shall have another chance, although the war is about over, and there will be no more fighting. I shall let you take command of as pretty a craft as ever you laid eyes on."

Howard bowed.

"What craft is it, sir?" he inquired. "A tender, I suppose?"

"Ay, ay, sir; tender enough, I'll warrant you! The name is RUTH WANDEL!"

"What, sir—you don't mean to allow me leave of absence—"

"Ay," interrupted Cochrane. "You know you did not regularly ship with me when we left Honolulu—that is, no papers were made out! Therefore you are at liberty to go home with Ruth, marry her, and consider yourself a fine man! If at any future time you should like to try the navy again, you may know that I shall be proud to have so brave a man with me."

Frank was very grateful, while Ruth's eyes shone like stars.

Cochrane accompanied Wandel to his vessel, and took dinner with him, and never was there a pleasanter party gathered round a whaler's table than our friends were on this occasion.

When the meal was finished, Wandel drew Cochrane to one side.

"I have not yet," said he, "been able to forgive myself for the rude manner in which I attacked you, on that occasion, a few months ago, when you alluded to a certain personal peculiarity of mine—you know what I mean?"

"Ay, ay," answered Cochrane, smiling. "I think I have reason to know. I have heard that you lately thrashed a Chilian Indian, while in this port, because he alluded to the matter of which you speak."

"Yes," cried Wandel, fiercely; "he laughed at my whiteness—at the mark of a *father's cowardice*—which I am doomed to carry with me to my grave!"

For a moment he was so agitated that he could not find voice to continue. Then he added:

"The story may be told in a few words, and I tell it to you because you are a man I can respect, and I am sure you will not repeat it."

"I give you my word I will not."

"Know, then, that a few months before my birth, my father, with my mother and a young son of thirteen who had accompanied him for the voyage, lay off the coast of Peru, in command of the whaleship *World*. One morning whales were seen, and he lowered, taking with him his son. My father's boat-steerer fastened to a whale—the whale came up a quarter of an hour after sounding—my father pulled up to it and lanced it, when a turn of the line, catching around his son, drew him from the boat. At the same moment the whale made for the boat with open jaws, so suddenly that the vessel could not be backed out of its way. It crushed the boat, killing one man, the rest of the crew saving themselves by jumping overboard. Now, then, my father saw his own son struggling to get clear of the line, which was fast around his neck, and he might have saved him by severing the rope with his knife. But he was a coward—a wretched coward—and feared to swim to his son's side, and rescue him, because the whale was beating the water with his flukes and still moving round with open jaw! In reality, he could have severed the rope without danger to himself; but his cowardice so magnified the peril that he dared not undertake

the task, and so he waited and waited, until the whale went down, dragging his boy out of sight for ever !

" White as a ghost, he returned to the ship, after being picked up by one of the other boats, and told the fearful story to my mother, who was so horrified by his pallor and cowardice, that I was marked, from my birth, with the fearful, ghastly hue !

" My mother did not survive my birth, owing to the shock caused by the occurrence I have related ; and when I grew up and heard the story, I almost hated my father, who died when I was twelve years of age. Since that time I have followed the sea, and on many occasions I have met with men who have joked me about my pallor, but never without being punished for it. You, sir, can now understand why I should be so sensitive on that point."

" Yes," answered Cochrane, " I can ; and it is for me, not for you, to ask pardon. Believe me, I am very sorry that I ever alluded to the peculiarity of which you have spoken."

They shook hands, and then Cochrane bade farewell to Ruth and Howard, and took his departure.

Six months later, the *Japan* arrived at Nantucket, and Howard and Ruth were married soon after.

A few months from then, they learned, through the news papers, the terrible fate which eventually befell the pirate general, Benevedeis. While endeavoring to escape in a boat to a Spanish port, he was captured by the Chilians, who avenged themselves for the many wrongs he had inflicted upon them, by attaching him to the tail of a mule, and thus dragging him to the public square of St. Iago, in which he was finally hung.

Wandel continued his sea-life for many years, during which he was twice wrecked, and on several occasions badly stoven in the ice. The last vessel under his command was sunk in Bering's Straits, and he, with his crew, was obliged to live on the coast for three months, before he was picked up.

On his return home, being now quite an old man, he was content to settle down under the same roof that sheltered his daughter and her husband.

In course of time they received a visit from Lord Cochrane, who remained with them several weeks. He performed

several fishing excursions, in a sail-boat, with Wandel, during which the two enjoyed themselves very much, chatting over "old times."

Howard took Wandel's advice, went into the oil business, and soon became a prosperous merchant. Many children were born to him; and he would sometimes tease the happy wife by calling them his "young whales."

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